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THROUGH MACEDONIA

TO THE

ALBANIAN LAKES.

A MORNING CALL IN ALBANIA.

THROUGH MACEDONIA

TO THE

ALBANIAN LAKES.

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a c.

BY

MARY ADELAIDE WALKER.

With Illustrations

BY THE AUTHOR.

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THROUGH MACEDONIA

TO

THE ALBANIAN LAKES.

CHAPTER I.

LEAVE CONSTANTINOPLE IN THE 'ARGONAUT.'—THE OLD SERAGLIO.—THE IMPERIAL WIDOWS.—THE BLACK TROUGH.—SUNSET ON THE BOSPHORUS.—TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.—A CHEERFUL BRITON AND A GRISLY SANTON.—THE DECK.—THE DARDANELLES.—POTTERY.—CAVALLA.—ASPECT OF THE TOWN.—FINE VIEW FROM THE BEACH.—AT THE ENGLISH VICE-CONSUL'S.—ISOLATION.—THE ROAD TO PHILIPPI.—HISTORICAL RECOLLECTIONS.—MOUNT PANGÆUS.

THE Russian flag waved gaily at the stern of the trim little 'Argonaut,' as it left the mouth of the Golden Horn and steamed slowly round the Seraglio Point. We were starting from Constantinople, in July, 1860, for a short visit to Salonica, where my Brother's ministry had been requested

by the small English community; and I gladly availed myself of an invitation to accompany him, in the hope of thus seeing something of the interior of Turkey. We had soon passed the long row of pavilions, with deep, projecting roofs, where the unfortunate inmates of the old Seraglio languish through the summer day. This ancient palace of by-gone Sultans occupies the whole of the little promontory called by the Turks "Seraï Bournou," the Point of the Palace; it is wonderfully picturesque, with its domes, minarets, and kiosks, its towers and steeples, its mysterious gardens, where the dark pyramids of cypress shoot up from the rich green masses of the plane-tree, and the stern, grey, castellated wall which encircles the whole, but it is a gilded cage; the Ha'arem, the strictly enclosed portion of the Palace, being the assigned residence of those members of a dead Sultan's household who may not have succeeded in obtaining from his successor an establishment of their own. I may add, that these Imperial widows, who are distinguished by the title of Seraïlee Khanum, are often given in marriage to officers in the Army and Navy, physicians, and others

desirous of obtaining favour at Court; and that this alliance is eagerly sought by the ambitious, as the ladies are supposed to retain influence at the Palace through their friends and former associates. Those who are not thus disposed of, however, are sent to the old Seraglio, where they do not appear to enjoy the same amount of liberty granted to most other Turkish women. It is exceedingly difficult to get permission to visit them, and the outer world seems to know very little indeed about their existence. Deprived of all motive for the exercise of their one accomplishment, the careful cultivation of their beauty, they quickly wither and grow old, in sad contrast to their palmy days of ephemeral splendour, when these dazzling "lights of the Ha'arem" came forth on rare occasions in their gaily painted carriages to see and to be seen. They wear bright satin "féredjés"* and snowy gossamer "yashmacks,"† through which the diamonds on their head-dress glitter with every movement. They look very much like princesses

* Féredjé,—the large cloak worn by the Turkish women when they go abroad.

† Yashmack,—the veil.

in a fairy tale; even their "arabas,"* all gilding and glass, seem made after the model of Cinderella's immortal pumpkin; they hold large feather fans with dainty, rosy-tipped fingers; and the arrangement of those gauzy veils, which always *will* get out of order, occasions many pretty little movements, and a greater display of the fair face than may be strictly orthodox, whilst bright, laughing glances are bestowed with great liberality on the crowd around. Now—alas for the poor broken toys!—the "Delight of the Soul" and the "Rose of the Seraï" have taken to smoking monstrous chibouks,† and dyeing their hair a tawny crimson, in the usual Turkish old-lady fashion; some diamonds still cling to the dingy cotton handkerchief on their head, but the sparkle of youth and merriment has faded for ever from the eyes beneath,—and what remains?

The first object which strikes the eye soon after rounding the Point, is a black wooden trough, slanting downwards towards the sea, from a small gate in the wall of the Seraglio garden. It is

* Araba,—carriage.

† Chibouk,—a very long Turkish pipe.

shown to the wonder-seeking traveller as the place where the bodies of offending "odalisques" used to be sent down, tied in sacks, into the deep waters below; it would appear rather to be meant for the disposal of the gardener's weeds and rubbish; but the effect is picturesque, contrasting with the grey wall; and its supposed original use is certainly not out of keeping with the dark legends of violence and crime which hang around this spot.

We next passed the modern lighthouse, and soon afterwards the old state dungeon of "Yedi Kulé," the Seven Towers, forming the extreme western limit of the walls of Stamboul on the waterside.

As our little steamer advanced into the open Sea of Marmora, the mosques and minarets, palaces and gardens, on the European side, were rapidly melting in the grey haze of evening. The opposite shore of Asia was a blaze of gold, the setting sun lighting up the red and brown houses of Scutari and Kadikeny, sparkling in every window, and flashing like rows of diamonds from the long front of the old hospital. Every ripple of the clear water seemed touched with liquid amber; the snow-white gulls of the Bosphorus skimmed over

the surface, lazily dipping their rose-coloured feet; while long flights of those restless birds, called by the people the "souls of the caïdjies" (boatmen), rushed swiftly past, almost touching the waves, but rarely resting upon them. Occasionally, a cormorant was seen diving for fish, and lively porpoises rolled over and over with a care-for-nought, rollicking air, intensely enjoying their native element. As the sun at last sank below the horizon, the diamonds became rubies—a few moments, and the golden glory had departed; all was softened grey, while the beautiful emblem of the Ottomans, the star and crescent-moon, hung in the pure heavens, streaking the calm water with lines of waving silver.

Now, for the first time, there was leisure for examining our travelling companions. There were few cabin passengers; one, a tall, long-legged Turkish effendi, looked suffering from fever; another, was a lively, fresh-coloured, chirruping young Englishman. He was out on a pleasure excursion, and had just come up from Smyrna, where his fancy had evidently been strongly caught; his praises of the beauty and grace of the fascinating

Smyrniotes were incessant. He expressed the profoundest regret at leaving them, but his constitution and spirits bore him up wonderfully under the trial; and his buoyant gaiety, which seemed to be constantly raising him on the points of his toes, formed a strong contrast with the pale, thin, silent Osmanlee. The deck passengers were rather numerous; amongst them there was a Santon,* who, with streaming black elf-locks and wild eyes, was proclaiming himself an advocate of liberty to a circle of listening Greeks. Strangely enough, he was said to speak several European languages, and to have been to London. We did not pay much attention to this circumstance at the time, but we remembered it a few weeks later at Salonica, when, at a period of great panic and alarm, we heard that European agents, in the disguise of Dervishes, had been active in endeavouring to foment disturbance. There were some gaily-dressed Albanians on board also, much interested in the proceedings in the engine-room, some Jews, and a number of Turkish women and chil-

* Santon,—a wandering mendicant Dervish, half fanatic, half madman.

dren. On a warm summer's night, the deck passengers on board these boats always appear very enviable; instead of crowding together in a hot cabin below, with little or no air, they sleep under a good canvas awning on the upper deck, nearly half of which is portioned off by a strong wooden railing: a platform is raised a few inches from the ground, and on this their mattrasses and bedding are spread; a partition in the centre separating the space reserved for the women. They look so cool and comfortable there, that on one occasion I determined to make the experiment, and can safely recommend it to all who prefer space and fresh air to the stifling atmosphere of a crowded cabin. On this occasion I had the happiness of finding myself the only lady-passenger, and therefore held undisturbed possession of two cabins, with a beautiful little saloon between them. The captain's wife, a pleasant-looking young Russian lady, accompanied him on this voyage for the first time. Unhappily, she spoke no language that I knew; conversation between us was therefore impossible. There was a Russian stewardess, who was civil and obliging; but with her, after

futile attempts in three or four languages, I was again reduced to the unsatisfactory medium of signs. At eight o'clock the bell rang for tea. It was served in true national style, without milk; there were thin slices of lemon, and rum, to be added if desired.

At sunrise the next morning we stopped, and soon after commenced a noise of talking and shouting in many tongues; turbaned heads bobbed up and down before the little cabin window; large boats thumped against the sides of the 'Argonaut;' we appeared to be in the midst of a great commotion, and I hastened on deck to learn the cause. We were opposite the small town of the Dardanelles, and the clamour arose from crowds of peasants, who surrounded the vessel, offering their wares for sale. Several boats were full of the rude pottery for which the Dardanelles is rather celebrated—large water-jars and drinking mugs of every imaginable shape; some of them, in the form of wonderful little horses, scarlet, green, and gold, were perhaps (being so near the Troad) feeble descendants of the mighty Trojan horse. Many of the larger water-jars were, however, notwithstand-

ing their rough finish, very elegant both in shape and design. All the pottery is highly coloured, gilt, and varnished.

Other boats were laden with melons, oranges, and various fruits, bread, fish, cheese, etc. This was principally for the benefit of the deck passengers, who are required to provide their own food.

Most of the countrymen had their turbans and head-dresses ornamented with a flower, stuck jauntily over one ear. This is very common amongst the lower orders, especially the Greeks; the delicate fresh flower dangling from their greasy head-gear has a most ludicrous effect. I remember once seeing a very aged Turk, in patched garments, and bent double with years and infirmity, his poor withered face almost hidden under a monstrous turban; but on one side of this, a beautiful rose and bud trembled gracefully with every tottering step.

Soon after we had stopped, the Russian agent came on board. He did not remain long, and in about an hour the 'Argonaut' started afresh.

In the course of the afternoon we anchored

before Cavalla, that old Neapolis where St. Paul landed on his way from Troas to Philippi and Thessalonica. The aspect of the town is very striking, standing, as it does principally, on a projecting mass of rock, which rises abruptly from the sea. Halfway up, a long range of white buildings, with colonnades, cupolas, and minarets, is the Turkish College founded by Mehemed Ali, of Egypt, who was a native of this place; and on the summit of the peak stands the fortress, with its round and square towers; a strong wall, apparently of Saracenic construction, surrounds the town. A short distance in the background, a fine aqueduct of Roman work, still in good preservation, connects Cavalla with the neighbouring mountains. The appearance of this range is extremely wild and barren: masses of granite, partly overgrown with low shrubs; here and there a stunted tree; two solitary watch-towers; and the crumbling remains of an old Roman wall, impress the mind with a feeling that much in that stern landscape is unchanged since the day when the Holy Apostle of the Gentiles, staff in hand, commenced his toilsome ascent of that bleak mountain to the left,

following the "Via Egnatia"* on his road to Philippi.

As the steamer was to remain at anchor until late at night, the passengers hastened to disembark, glad of the opportunity of spending a few hours on shore. We landed with our merry English fellow-traveller. To the west of the town, close to the water's edge, stood a very large stone building like a factory, which, as we afterwards learnt, was a range of warehouses for the export trade in tobacco, grown in great quantities about Cavalla and Sérés. It belongs to an Anglo-Levantine family, said to be one of the wealthiest in the Turkish empire. We turned first towards this building, skirting a little Turkish cemetery, where pomegranates and flowering weeds almost hid the turbaned tombstones from view, and continued until a good point for a sketch was reached. The scene

* The old Roman consular way between Rome and her Eastern rival Byzantium. In the neighbourhood of Cavalla this road is in tolerable preservation, and is still in use. Sweeping round the Bay, it winds upwards in the direction of Mount Pangæus and Philippi, disappearing amongst the rocks and glens. The Via Egnatia may be traced in many parts through Macedonia and Albania, where it reaches the Adriatic at Durazzo (Dyrrachium).

CAVALLA (NÉAPOLIS) FROM THE SEA.

was very beautiful; the Bay, with a graceful curve, reflecting in its clear waters the terraced dwellings and snowy minarets of Cavalla. To the right, beyond and above a rugged line of hills, is seen the Mount Pangæus; and nearly in front, rising suddenly from the blue Ægean, a grand towering visionary form, the lofty peak of Athos. At a short distance from the land, Thasos, richly wooded to the water's edge, sent its dark shadows far down into the liquid mirror; and again, further off to the left, were seen the pale, indistinct, delicate outlines of Lemnos and mysterious Samothrace. Turning from this lovely panorama with reluctance, we entered the town, wandering on without any fixed direction, past a magnificent plane-tree (almost a solitary specimen) standing beside a little fountain, where the horse-troughs proved, on inspection, to be Roman sarcophagi; then along a dreary bazaar, its only redeeming feature the vines which hung in careless festoons across the street, flecking the rough stones with dancing shadows.

We were not, however, such utter strangers as we imagined; a gentleman coming slowly down a neighbouring street attracted our notice. Our curi-

osity was excited: who could he be? That fresh, good-humoured face and those honest blue eyes were not the property of any sallow Turk or crafty Jew; he was an unmistakable Briton: should we go forward and speak to him? Our natural insular reserve was holding us back, when the stranger settled the question by advancing to salute us, and inquiring of my brother, in English, if he were not the clergyman expected at Salonica. He seemed much pleased to find that he was right in his conjecture, and introduced himself as the English Vice-Consul. Having seen the arrival of the steamer, he was on his way to learn whether any English were on board; for he had an infant unbaptized, and expressed himself most anxious to profit by an opportunity which might not occur again for a long time. A few steps brought us to the Consulate, where we received a kind welcome from the family, consisting of Mr. M——'s mother, his wife, a French Levantine lady, and three children. Mr. M—— appeared greatly to enjoy this short visit from an English party. He told us that very few came to Cavalla; there was not another Englishman in the place besides himself, and a sailor-lad who

acted as his servant. In these small ports of the Levant, the Consuls, when English, must often feel their posts to be dearly bought by the complete isolation from all the privileges of home. They are, in most cases, cut off entirely from the services of the Church, for which they are occasionally indebted to the rare and uncertain visits of "Vacation Tourists." Having scarcely an opportunity of making the acquaintance of Englishwomen, they frequently marry ladies of the country, whose tastes and modes of life quite unfit them for subsequently settling in England; their children are generally brought up by their mothers in the Greek or Roman Catholic Church, and are in constant and injurious contact with native servants; so the family quickly becomes "Levantine," and their children are in danger of losing the healthy standard of English principle, and the traditions of home.

These remarks, although true in many cases in the Levant, do not apply to the family where we were being most hospitably entertained. A subsequent visit of longer duration taught us to esteem Mrs. M—— as a very clever, kind-hearted woman,

and the Consul's mother as one whose perfect refinement of education and manner would have graced any society, and was invaluable in the education of the children. Her unvarying cheerfulness and resignation to what must have been to her cultivated mind serious privations, were admirable and touching. They were almost without books; Mr. M—— was reduced to something like an almanac by way of literature, and the elder lady gave herself the occasional treat of studying a classical dictionary.

One window of their sitting-room looked out upon the mountain-side: in the foreground, the rounded dome of the principal mosque, with its snowy, tapering minaret and giant plane; beyond, the blue waters of the Ægean; a roughly-paved road follows the graceful curve of the Bay, then turns to climb the rocky height; winding round the first spur of the mountain it disappears; more faintly, and higher up, on the next projecting mass, you trace it again, irregular and broken; it seems to plunge into a dark chasm, and is lost,—no, there is a silver thread melting in the vapoury haze of that distant peak. I sat long gazing on this

ancient roadway, fanned by soft breezes which came heavily laden with the aromatic perfume of the pine forests of Thasos; and as the golden sunset threw its long shadows over the landscape, imagination flew back to centuries long past.

The mosque and the minaret are not. Along that barren track, a glittering troop of iron-clad soldiers bear aloft the proud eagle of Rome, sparkling and flashing in the bright sunlight, as they march, secure of conquest, towards their camp on the mountain ridge; they are the stern followers of yet sterner leaders, and their struggle is for the empire of the world. A few days, and that struggle, which had shaken civilization to its centre, has ceased, hushed in the heaving battle-field beyond that mountain-pass. A century has nearly elapsed: again a little band pursue their toilsome way over the rough stones, and begin to ascend the rocky height; they are humble men, in humble garments, from the opposite shores of Asia; they carry no glittering eagle, no "weapons made with hands:" yet are they combatants, and more—they are conquerors in the name of their Almighty Master The leader of this little band carries a traveller's

staff to assist his weary feet, as he toils higher and yet higher up the uneven track; but the seal of the Christian martyr is on his thoughtful brow, and he bears to benighted Europe a gentle yet unquenchable light. The cry from darkened Macedonia had mysteriously reached him on the far-off coast of Troas, and he hastens to her with that heavenly spark, the all-conquering "light of the Gospel." It is the road to Philippi,—Philippi, where, it will be remembered, the Gospel was first preached in Europe by St. Paul, who, with his three companions, had landed at Neapolis, coming from Troas and Samothrace, A.D. 53. An ancient author mentions that "Philippi stood near Pangæum and Symbolum, and that Symbolum, which was between Philippi and Neapolis, was so called because it connected Pangæum with another mountain which stretched inland;" by which description, Symbolum is very clearly identified with the ridge which stretches from Pravista to Kawála, separating the Bay of Kawála from the plain of Philippi."* On one part of this ridge, the camp of Brutus and Cassius is supposed to have been planted, before

* See Leake's 'Northern Greece.'

Hanhart, lith.

THE ROAD TO PHILLIPPI.

the battle of Philippi (B.C. 42), which terminated so fatally for both.

There are other historical recollections attached to this neighbourhood. We read that "Thucydides, during the Peloponnesian war, being appointed to the command of the Athenian fleet off the coast of Thrace, occupied a station at Thasos; but having failed in his endeavours to succour Amphipolis, whither he had been summoned too late, he was either banished by the Athenians or retired voluntarily to Seaptesyle, the property of his wife, near Mount Pangæus (rich in gold-mines). Here he remained for twenty years, occupied on his great work, the History of the War between the Peloponnesians and the Athenians."

The gold-mines of Mount Pangæus were worked in the reign of Philip II., to whom they yielded a considerable sum yearly.

CHAPTER II.

MOUNT ATHOS.—MAGNIFICENT SCENERY.—RIGID EXCLUSION OF THE FEMININE SEX.—FORTRESS MONASTERIES.—MONASTIC VILLAGES.—CARYES.—THE RUSSIAN MONASTERY.—FINE SITUATION.—RUSSIAN PRIESTS.—INDUSTRY OF THE HOLY MOUNTAIN.—THE SUPERIOR OF "RUSSICOS" COMES ON BOARD.—WHY?—LEAVE ATHOS.—ARRIVAL AT SALONICA.—THE SCALA.—EMBARRASSMENT.

It was late at night before we took leave of our kind entertainers at the Vice-Consulate of Cavalla, with many promises to repeat the visit whenever it might be in our power. The next morning, at sunrise, I was told that we were passing some fine scenery. I was quickly on deck, and found that we had reached the shadowy Athos as seen from Cavalla; it was now a most imposing and substantial reality. High up into the clouds towered that wonderful cone of white marble, so beautifully

described by the Rev. H. Tozer, in his charming contribution to 'Notes of Travel and Vacation Tourists.'* The heaving sides of the mountain were richly clothed with forest, here broken by deep gorges (dark wild chasms, where the snow still lay in the eternal shadows), there sloping gently into sunny glades, with terraced vineyards, and rich pasture lands surrounding some bright-looking monastic village, for everything on Athos is monastic.

Our little steamer was running very close inshore, and slowly, so that we could perfectly distinguish the formidable-looking fortress-like monasteries planted on craggy pinnacles of the grey rock; sometimes, but more rarely, they stand close to the water's edge. We were passing the south-eastern side of the peninsula, the whole of which, taking the name of "Il Monte Santo," is devoted to the religious establishments which have given it a world-wide fame. There are about twenty principal monasteries, besides numerous

* Mount Athos is so lofty (6350 ft.) that the sun is said to be visible from the summit of the peak four hours before it is to be seen from the base of the mountain.

monastic villages and hermitages. The exclusion of all the female world is absolute: no woman is ever permitted to land on any part of the Holy Mountain; nor do they admit cows, hens, or any other specimens of the softer sex. Report says that more than one adventurous lady has attempted to evade this rule by landing from a sailing-boat on an uninhabited part of the coast; but there seems little inducement to undertake the same exploit. The mere fact of putting one's foot on a pebbly beach where it is forbidden to rest, is not sufficiently attractive; although, to explore those old-world-looking dwellings, to wander over those green slopes, scale those craggy heights, or dive into those mysterious chasms, is indeed a privilege which may be envied.

I was able to take several rapid sketches, as the sublime panorama unfolded gradually before us. All the monasteries appear to be strongly fortified: most of them have an understructure of masonry rising to a considerable height; but what would seem to be the habitable part of the edifice is of wood, painted dark red or brown, with projecting stories, supported on long beams, which slant up-

wards from the wall; this has altogether a very irregular and picturesque effect.

One monastery holds a most commanding position: it stands on a sharp point of dark rock, which on one side falls straight down from the base of the lofty stone wall, a tremendous precipice; on the other, the mountain sinks in a long staircase of terraced, vine-covered walks. Most of these monasteries have a strong tower beneath, on the shore, guarding the approach by water, and many must be almost inaccessible from any other point.

Another mass of buildings presented a succession of high towers of grey stone, each tipped, as it were, with a dark wooden dwelling; an immense square tower commanded the whole.

Every here and there, clusters of bright, cheerful-looking cottages, peeping from among the trellises of vines, clung to the slope of the mountain, or nestled in some grassy nook sheltered by spreading plane and walnut-trees. Surrounded by orchards and embosomed in every variety of foliage, the retreats of the reverend hermits looked very enviable, and inclined one (although with a

strong protest against the concluding sentiment) to Lord Byron's opinion, that—

> "More blest the life of godly eremite,
> Such as on lonely Athos may be seen
> Watching at eve upon the giant height
> Which looks o'er waves so blue, skies so serene,
> That he who there at such an hour hath been
> Will wistful linger on that hallowed spot,
> Then turn to *hate* a world he had almost forgot."

The little town of the mountain is called Caryes (the Hazles), probably from the nuts and filberts which grow in great quantities, and are much esteemed, being sent to Constantinople, Salonica, and many other places.

The church of Caryes is celebrated for a miraculous picture, which once called out to the officiating priest to read his liturgy quicker, in order that he might administer the communion to a dying monk.*

Soon after rounding the southern point of the promontory, the 'Argonaut' stopped, and cast anchor. We were before Russicos, the Russian-Greek convent. This monastery was founded by a Servian, named Lazarus; it contains three hun-

* See Leake's 'Northern Greece.'

Hanhart, lith.

MONASTERY OF RUSSIKOS, - MOUNT ATHOS.

dred inmates, and there are thirteen churches and chapels either within the walls or dependent on it. It was the largest mass of buildings we had yet seen, and though less picturesque than many of the formidable, strong towers already mentioned, Russicos is equally attractive from the extreme beauty of the situation and the grandeur of its proportions, which compensated for the somewhat new aspect of several of the courts and chapels. As we remained here some hours, there was ample opportunity for examination and sketching from the steamer.

Immediately on our arrival, a little fleet of boats put off from the shore, rowed or paddled by "Caloyers," in long black gowns, and tall cloth caps, without brims. They were probably the servants of the monastery; and it was not long before they had landed all the passengers who, either from curiosity or devotion, were anxious to enjoy their especial privilege of visiting the interior.

The gentlemen started to make the best use they could of their time; some contrived even to reach a neighbouring convent, whilst the ladies

remained rather dolefully on board, although a fairer scene than the one we looked upon could scarcely be found. It was indeed glorious! Between us and the beach the rippling water dancing in the sunbeams, reflected clear and bright a bewildering maze of walls and towers, cupolas and sloping roofs, sombre-coloured woodwork and bright metal-covered domes, each tipped with its gleaming golden cross. On one side, the monastery of Russicos reaches nearly to the sea, and on the other, climbs some way up the slope behind. The principal cupola crowns the centre of a long range of stone buildings, which forms the chief mass of the edifice; the wings at either end being surmounted by dark wooden tenements (with broad verandas) projecting far out on long slanting beams, and pierced with innumerable little windows. Here and there a crazy-looking brown wooden balcony clings to the grey stonework like a gigantic bird's-nest. In the neighbourhood of the monastery, patches of cultivation, terraced gardens, and long walks shaded by clustering vines, testify to the industry and well-being of the community. On one side, a building like a

Swiss *chalet* peeps from its leafy screen; far up, a large chapel gleams in snowy brightness through the dark forest of beech, oak, chestnut, and pine, which forms the rich background to this glittering picture; high above all, now veiled in rolling clouds, now piercing the very heavens with its stately crags, in form so firm, in colour so evanescent, the ethereal-tinted marble crest of the Holy Mountain; disdaining the world of beauty at its foot, it sends its giant shadow across the broad Ægean, far over distant Lemnos.

We remained at anchor the whole day, and I amused myself with watching the black-robed figures which were constantly passing up and down the broad paved road leading from the arched gateway of the monastery to the shore. Some of them came on board; they were gaunt, wild-looking men, who would have been considerably improved by a bath and a hair-comb, for the priests of the Eastern churches wear their hair long, over their shoulders, and when it is not inclined to curl, it falls in a tangled, untidy mass. There are some pleasing exceptions, however. I remember once meeting on board a steamer an

ecclesiastical party of, apparently, considerable rank. They had amongst them a very young man, in the Russian clerical dress; he was carefully guarded by his elder friends from contact with the world, never appearing on deck, and only visible at table, where he did not venture to raise his eyes to the company. His soft hair was parted in the centre, and flowed down each side of his pale spiritual-looking face, over his shoulders, and below his waist, like long skeins of light chestnut-coloured floss silk.

Many pretty and curious things are made by the monks of Athos; their carvings in wood, in particular, are executed with great delicacy and minuteness: one monk had a medal for his specimens of this kind of work in the Exhibition of 1851. Their church-pictures are said sometimes to attain a considerable degree of artistic merit, although a few lithographic views, which were brought on board, showed very wonderful ideas regarding perspective.

I saw some spoons in boxwood, the handles carved in the form of a hand, with three fingers raised, the symbol of benediction. Several rosaries

were also brought to the steamer; some made of a pretty round seed, found on the mountain, of a bluish-grey or fawn colour; others, of small bright-tinted shells from the beach.

My Brother had visited the principal church, and had held some interesting conversation with the monks. The Superior of the monastery paid us a visit,—a fine stately-looking man, who came on board with two attendant caloyers; he wore a loose black robe and tall cloth cap, with a sort of hood drawn over it. He passed a considerable time in the captain's private room; they *may* possibly have been discoursing on the weather, the state of the crops, and the advantages of quiet and repose to be especially enjoyed on the Holy Mountain; but—one may be excused a suspicion that their conference had some deeper interest, as, for passenger-traffic, these Russian steamers certainly cannot *pay*, and the amount of cargo is, I believe, very limited. The boats had, we were told, no fixed time for starting, but were regulated by military orders, and held ready to steam off at an hour's notice. The 'Argonaut' came direct from Odessa for the first time, and was going to Volo, in

Northern Greece. If we take into consideration also, that Mount Athos is said to be the very hot-bed of Russian intrigue, and that Russian agents spread all over the country, are undeniably zealous and energetic in fomenting the discontent of the Greeks, we may conclude that the suspicion was not unreasonable.

We left Athos with regret; the warm light of the setting sun was bathing with an amber tint the white walls of the monastery, sparkling on the golden crosses, glowing in the rich, brown wood-work, and rendering yet deeper the dark shadowing of the forest background. The chapel bell was heard at intervals, as the straight, rippling track of the steamer increased in length, until Athos be came again a soft vision in the silver moonlight.

We reached Salonica the next morning, at about six o'clock. The first glance disappointed us, although the position is described by Leake and others as very imposing. A range of low, barren-looking hills stretched behind the town, relieved, however, to the right, by a bold outline of mountain, partly covered with pine forest. Soon we began to distinguish many points of interest, and

even of picturesque beauty: a massive round tower stands at the water's edge at the south-eastern extremity of the castellated and turreted walls which surround the city; an old fortress high up on the slope of the hill to the left, rounded domes, and tapering snowy minarets, contrast well with the straight lines of the houses; and the whole scene enlivened by little Greek boats, with the slanting lateen sail, dancing lightly over the water on all sides.

We had arrived rather earlier than usual, so that there was no one to meet us; we afterwards learned that the Consul had kindly sent his cavass, with a large boat, to escort us to his house. Not being aware of this, we left our luggage on board, and had already landed, or rather we had struggled on to the "Scala." A crowd of miserable-looking Jews covered the sloping planks, pushing and vociferating in their attempts to pounce upon their customary prey, the traveller. They were disappointed; we had no luggage to be carried; nothing was to be got out of us, and we were suffered to pass on, inquiring for the English Consulate. They directed us through a pond of mud, under a crumbling arch-

way, along some miserably paved, tortuous streets. No Consulate appeared, and we were beginning to feel rather helpless amidst the clamour of Turkish, Spanish, Greek, Bulgarian, Albanian, and various other tongues, when a brisk young man, with an Armenian face, looking delightfully cool and clean in a complete suit of white, saw our perplexity. He addressed us in French. The English Consul was at a country-house, some distance from the town. We must return to the "Scala," and take a boat. Accordingly, our new friend reconducted us through the struggling crowd, and gave directions to a boatman in some unknown language. Heartily glad to escape from the dirt and unpleasant odours of the low quarter of Salonica, we again embarked, and soon found ourselves fairly passing the limits of the town towards a pleasant airy spot, about two miles distant along the shore.

CHAPTER III.

SITUATION OF SALONICA.—THE FEVER.—GREEK GARDENER.—THE CICADA.—REMAINS OF THERMA.—SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF SALONICA.—XERXES AT THERMA.—NAME CHANGED BY CASSANDER.—CICERO.—CONSTANTINE.—THE MASSACRE UNDER THEODOSIUS.—THESSALONICA TAKEN BY THE SARACENS.—BY THE NORMANS.—BY THE TURKS.—ANTIQUITIES.—AYA SOPHIA.—ESKI DJUMA.—ORIGIN OF THE NAME.—ST. DEMETRI.—THE ROTUNDA.—THE CHURCH OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES.—EASTERN SCENE.—"INCANTADES."—GATE OF THE VARDAR.—ARCH OF CONSTANTINE.—ST. PAUL'S PULPITS.—CHAOUSH MONASTIR.

I REMAINED at Salonica several weeks, the guest of our valued friends Mr. and Mrs. C——, having joyfully accepted an invitation to accompany them on their journey further into the interior. The heat during my stay was intense, far greater than I ever remember to have felt it at Constantinople. This seems owing, in great measure, to the situa-

tion of the town; it stands on the lower slope, and at the foot of a range of barren hills, which, shutting out all the refreshing breezes from the north, send back upon Salonica from their parched surface the scorching rays of the meridian sun, rendered more oppressive by the glare of the sea in front, and the almost total absence of trees near the town. It is true that a pleasant breeze rises every afternoon at about three o'clock, falling with the sunset, but as this frequently blows from the direction of the pestilential marshes on the opposite side of the bay, it brings with it the terrible fever and ague from which the inhabitants suffer frightfully. The victims are principally from the poorer classes, whose scanty, unwholesome food, and habits of intemperance, render them peculiarly liable to the attacks of the malady; but yet, amongst the highest society, the sallow cheek and bloodless lip are a constant proof that even the most careful diet and regular living will not ensure safety; and so tenacious is this disorder, that it often reappears at intervals during several years, notwithstanding change of air and climate. Sometimes the exhaustion from these repeated

attacks proves fatal, but such cases are rather the exception than the rule. The Salonica fever is so much dreaded in Turkey, that many persons hesitate even to take a journey there during the unhealthy season. We had procured a good supply of quinine before venturing on the expedition.

The house at which I was staying was pleasantly situated, close to the sea in front, whilst the back windows looked over an expanse of mulberry gardens, vineyards, and orchards, stretching to the foot of the purple mountain before mentioned, Mount Khortiazi. This was the only mass of trees and foliage to be seen for several miles.

I was, one day, much interested in watching the proceedings of the Greek gardener, who was watering the land by a system of miniature canals and dykes: a stream of water was turned down a central alley from a large tank at the upper end; it was allowed to run off at right angles into a narrow ditch, between two rows of vegetables; when the earth was sufficiently soaked, the man scraped together a little mound at the entrance, then opened a passage for the water into the

next little canal, and so on along all the beds in turn.

Every branch in this garden, under my windows, seemed alive with "cicadas;"* their shrill, piercing, persistent chirrup is at first very painful to the ears, but this effect soon passes off. It is always with pleasure that I hear it now, as it

* The *Cicada plebeia* of Linnæus. . . . "It is a native of the warmer parts of Europe, particularly of Italy and Greece: appearing in the hotter months of summer, and continuing its shrill chirping during the greatest part of the day, generally sitting among the leaves of trees. . . .

"The male cicada produces a loud, chirping note, and much has been written in praise of it by Anacreon and other ancient authors; it is certain, however, that modern ears are offended rather than pleased with its voice, which is so very strong and stridulous that it fatigues by its incessant repetition.

"That a sound so piercing should proceed from so small a body, may well excite our astonishment; and the curious apparatus by which it is produced, has justly claimed the attention of the most celebrated investigators. They have found that it proceeds from a pair of concave membranes, seated on each side of the first joints of the abdomen: the large concavities of the abdomen, immediately under the two broad lamellæ in the male insect, are also faced by a thin, pellucid, iridescent membrane, serving to increase and reverberate the sound; and a strong muscular apparatus is exerted for the purpose of moving the necessary organs." (See Maunder's 'Treasury of Natural History.')

never fails to bring back to me the cloudless skies and brilliant sunlight of Macedonia.

A remarkable object was pointed out to us, under the sea, immediately in front of our residence: although close to the beach, it is only visible when the land-breeze causes the water to sink; then you can perceive a solid mass of rough masonry covered with seaweed: it is supposed to be a remains of the ancient Therma, and might be worthy the attention of some future traveller. Salonica,* called by the Greeks Saloniki, and by the Turks Selanik, is the most important town of European Turkey, after Constantinople. It is equally remarkable for the frightful tragedies formerly enacted there, and for the apparent ease with which, owing to its situation, so favourable to navigation and commerce, it has always risen again from its misfortunes.

Thessalonica was a place of importance even while it bore its earlier name of Therma. Xerxes rested here on his march, his land forces being

* For the slight sketch of the history of Thessalonica, I am indebted to Smith's 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography;' Colonel Leake's 'Northern Greece;' Von Hammer, and Cousinéry.

encamped between Therma and the Axius (the Vardar), and his ships cruising about the Thermaic Gulf; it was the view from hence of Olympus and Ossa which tempted him to explore the course of the Peneus. A short time before the breaking out of the Peloponnesian war, Therma was occupied by the Athenians, but two years later it was given up to Perdiccas. It was rebuilt by Cassander, and named by him Thessalonica, in honour of his wife, who was sister to Alexander the Great.

The city was surrendered to the Romans after the battle of Pydna, and was made the capital of the second of the four divisions of Macedonia. Afterwards, when the whole of Macedonia was reduced to one province, Thessalonica was its most important city, and virtually its metropolis, though not so called till a later period. During the first three centuries of the Christian era it was the capital of the whole country between the Adriatic and the Black Sea, and even after the founding of Constantinople remained practically the metropolis of Greece, Macedonia, and Illyricum. It was the chief station on the Egnatian way.

Cicero, at the time of his second exile, took refuge at Thessalonica with his friend the Quæstor, and wrote from thence several of his extant letters.

During the second civil war it took the side of Octavius and Anthony, and reaped the advantage of this course by being made a free city. Constantine passed some time there after his victory over the Sarmatians, and it appears most probable that the arch at the eastern entrance to the city was a commemoration of this victory.

The first of those fearful massacres, for which Thessalonica has a sad pre-eminence, took place under Theodosius, the last of the Emperors who was the sole master of the whole Roman Empire. Although a zealous follower of Christianity, and commended by ancient writers as a prince blessed with every virtue, his moderation and clemency failed signally on this occasion: in order to chastise a movement of the people in favour of a charioteer, very popular amongst them, and who had been arrested by order of the Emperor, the inhabitants were assembled in the Hippodrome, under the pretext of witnessing the races, and

then barbarously massacred, without distinction of age or sex, to the number of seven thousand.

Theodosius was afterwards compelled by St. Ambrose to do open penance, and publicly to make atonement for an act of barbarity which had excluded him from the bosom of the Church. A fine painting, illustrating this subject, is in the National Gallery, in London.

In the course of the Middle Ages, Thessalonica was three times taken. In July, A.D. 904, the Saracen fleet appeared before the city which was stormed after a few days' fighting. The slaughter of the citizens was dreadful, and vast numbers were sold in the various slave-markets of the Levant. The public edifices were only saved from total destruction, by the payment of a heavy ransom. The story of these events is told by Jº Cameniata, who was crosier-bearer to the Archbishop.

The next great catastrophe of Thessalonica was caused by the Normans of Sicily. The fleet of Tancred sailed round the Morea to the Thermaic Gulf, while an army marched by the Via Egnatia from Dyrrachium. Thessalonica was taken, August 15th, A.D. 1185, and the Greeks were barbarously treated

by the Latins, who profaned the altars and the tombs, and punished the inhabitants with a degree of barbarity and savage ferocity previously without example. The celebrated Eustathius, Archbishop of Thessalonica at this time, wrote an account of this capture of the city; he is said to have been, beyond dispute, the most learned man of his age, and the author of an invaluable commentary on the Iliad and Odyssey.

Soon after this period follows the curious history of Western Feudalism, under Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, and his successors, during the first half of the thirteenth century.

The city was again under Latin dominion (having been sold by the Greek Emperor to the Venetians), when it was finally taken by the Turks, under Amurath II., A.D. 1430.

The ecclesiastical history of Salonica is remarkable. Christianity, once established there, spread in all directions in consequence of the mercantile relations of the city. During the succeeding centuries, it was the bulwark, not simply of the Byzantine empire, but of Oriental Christendom, and was largely instrumental in the conversion of the

Slavonians and Bulgarians. Thus it received the designation of the Orthodox City.

This See has a distinguished place in the annals of the Church.

Theodosius was baptized by its Bishop, after which the See became almost a Patriarchate; and the withdrawal of the provinces subject to its jurisdiction from connection with the see of Rome, in the reign of Leo Isauricus, became one of the principal causes of the separation of East and West.

Colonel Leake is of opinion that Salonica exceeds any other place in Greece in ecclesiastical remains.

The antiquities of Salonica have been so often and so ably described, that it would seem almost superfluous to mention them. Leake says that "the church of greatest interest is that of St. Sophia, built, according to tradition, like that of St. Sophia at Constantinople in the reign of Justinian, and after the designs of the architect Anthenius."* This church is often mentioned in the Middle Ages, as in the letters of Pope Innocent III., and in the account of the Norman siege.

* Justinian is said to have built as many churches as there are days in the year.

There are two theories as to the origin of the name of another mosque, called Eski Djuma (Old Friday), which was anciently a temple dedicated to the Thermæan Venus. C——, in his notes on Salonica, says, "the Turkish name Eski Djuma proves the fact of its early dedication; Djuma, in Turkish, is Friday, and Friday was Venus's day, as we see from its French name, Vendredi (Veneris Dies)." Cousinéry's opinion is more superficial: "Le nom d'Ancien-Vendredi m'a paru parvenir d'une tradition qui conserve le souvenir du lieu où furent faites les premières prières des Musulmans, lorsqu'ils se furent rendus maîtres de la ville."

This building is said to be, next to the Theseum at Athens, in more perfect preservation than any monument of Grecian antiquity. In the porch are several very ancient Ionic columns, and in the interior, two rows of large columns with Corinthian capitals; at the time of my being there, the shafts were painted a dark green, and the capitals flesh-colour, perhaps in honour of the Sultan's visit, which had taken place a few months before. The pavement of the interior, throughout, was full of the remains of sculptured stonework.

The mosque of St. Demetrius has a triple aisle, divided by a double row of porphyry columns. A curious inscription on a tablet on the wall, probably dating from the Venetian occupation, has been often copied by travellers; it is in memory of one Luc Spandoni, whose descendants are said to be still residing at Constantinople. A family of that name is well known in Pera society. The shrine of St. Demetrius enclosed within the building is carefully preserved, and held in veneration by Moslems as well as Christians.

The Rotunda, or Eski Metropoli Mosque, as it may be called, was erected by Trajan, after the model (a very humble imitation) of the celebrated Pantheon at Rome, and was dedicated to the rites of the Cabiri, the chief seat of whose mysterious worship was in the neighbouring island of Samothrace. It is circular, the wall unsupported by columns, and surmounted by a dome. The whole of the interior is richly ornamented with very ancient mosaics, which seem to have belonged to the original temple, as nothing appears on them to show that they were adjusted by a Christian hand. The design nearly resembles that of the frescoes taken

from Pompeii which are still preserved in the museum at Naples: there are representations of aerial structures, like fantastic aviaries, with birds of brilliant plumage. In one compartment, the mosaic work is particularly well preserved, and you may distinguish a peacock, amongst other things, almost as fresh as if just finished; but in most parts the gaily-coloured little cubes are constantly falling from the dome, and afford a small income to the guardian of the mosque, or the little boys whose vocation it is to grope about in the old matting covering of the marble floor, for the benefit of visitors. One entire pattern has been evidently quite lately removed; for whose benefit, must remain matter of conjecture. Down on the base of each compartment stands a figure with extended arms, and dressed in what looks like nothing so much as an English surplice. Inscriptions, too high up to be legible, cross the architectural device here and there; and mosaic sentences seem to be issuing from mouths as silent as the dead whom those glassy eyes grimly overlooked when the floor far below ran with Christian blood. The vaultings of the doorways are profusely ornamented with fruits and flowers.

There is one other church, now used as a mosque, which merits attention, and of which I can find no notice either in Leake, Cousinéry, or Smith; it was called formerly, "The Church of the Twelve Apostles." It is situated in a distant quarter of the town, standing so much below the present level of the paved court, that you must descend several steps to reach the doorway. I did not attempt to enter, being assured that there was nothing at all worth notice, but contented myself with making a drawing of the very picturesque exterior of the building. There are some columns with sculptured capitals in the porch, and, running along two sides of the building, a broad covered walk, formed by the overhanging tiled roofs, supported on wooden pilasters. The cupolas, five in number, are of Byzantine brickwork, very beautiful and in excellent preservation. Some storks have fixed their enormous dwellings on the points of three of these cupolas, where they look ludicrous enough, stretching their long necks out of their nest, or standing on the edge of it on one leg.

The combination of colour about this old church

Hanhart, lith.

ANCIENT CHURCH OF THE 12 APOSTLES, SALONICA.

is exceedingly rich; the building itself is of a deep red-brown, varied with patches of moss. Some majestic cypresses, almost black from their intense green, grow at one end, while at the other, the softer form and tender colour of the large plane-trees (invariable in the courtyard of a mosque) half hide a clumsy whitewashed minaret. A cloudless deep blue sky hung over all these varied traits. My attendant, Vely Agha, the Consular Cavass, sat in the shade, in his bright Albanian dress, conversing with a turbaned Moslem equally picturesque. Now and then, a woman wrapped in a long shroud-like veil from head to foot, passed with her pitcher on her shoulder to draw water from the fountain in the court. Some brightly-dressed children flickered in the sunshine, and long-robed, white-turbaned Mollahs moved gravely along between the mosque and their cottage-like dwellings within the enclosure. It was a truly Eastern scene, brilliantly coloured, and full of repose.

In general, the mosques at Salonica are much more accessible to the "Infidel" stranger, than those at Constantinople; the visitor is often allowed without remark to retain his shoes on his feet.

In the slight sketch of the history of Thessalonica, mention was made of the fearful massacre under Theodosius. The Hippodrome, the theatre of this frightful tragedy, was situated between the Rotunda and the sea; its site is still indicated by one of the most beautiful monuments in the city. The "Incantades," or the "Enchanted," as they are called, are Caryatides, statues wrought back to back upon a double colonnade, raised, as we read, by Nero as the Propylæum of the Hippodrome; the present name arises from the popular belief amongst the Spanish Jews, that they were human beings petrified by enchantment.

Of the triumphal arches still remaining at Salonica, that at the north-western end of the principal street, called the Gate of the Vardar, is particularly remarkable for the Greek inscription engraven on large blocks of stone let into the inner side of the archway. Copies of this inscription have been often made, though not quite correctly. My Brother was able to take a heel-ball rubbing (now in the British Museum), in which the mention of "Politarchs,"* as rulers of the city, is clearly

* The title of "Politarch" appears to have been given to

Hanhart, lith.

ARCH OF CONSTANTINE, SALONICA.

made. This Gate of the Vardar is said to have been erected after the Battle of Philippi, B.C. 42, in honour of Augustus and Anthony, and must consequently have existed at the time when the Apostle St. Paul was in Macedonia, A.D. 54.

Near the south-eastern extremity of the main street, a continuation of the old Via Egnatia, stands another triumphal arch, the origin of which is rather a disputed point: it is generally supposed that it was raised in honour of Constantine on his return from his victory over the Sarmatians. It is in brick, faced with bas-reliefs in white marble, highly wrought, though not in the best style of art, representing a battle between Roman troops and some barbarian tribe, and a triumphal entry into a city. Cousinéry gives it as his opinion that it commemorates the victories of Constantine, because, as he says, "the sculptures of the monument represent a warlike march, in which *camels* are introduced," and that "these animals might

the chief magistrates of Thessalonica, as a Free City; and this being also the name used for them in the original version of St. Luke's account of St. Paul's visit (see Acts xvii. 6, 8), and not so applied on any other occasion, would furnish additional proof (were any needed) of the truth of the Inspired Narrative.

easily be supposed to belong to the army of Constantine, because he had, joined to it, bodies of troops from the East." This theory is ingenious, but contains one weak point, viz. that there are *no* camels on the monument; two of the horses have rather long necks, and, seen sideways from the street below, might deceive a spectator. I had an opportunity making careful drawings of the sculptures from three windows closely overlooking the arch. The smaller portion of the bas-relief, on the eastern face, although much crumbled away, is yet sufficiently distinct to bear testimony to Cousinéry's subsequent remarks. Speaking of a coin of Constantine, found by himself at Salonica, and now in the Imperial Cabinet at Vienna, he says that, on the reverse side, "four horsemen and some foot-soldiers are listening to the Emperor, who harangues them, standing on a raised platform . . . by his side, two warriors hold each one of those banners called 'labarum,' on which Constantine, shortly after his victory over the Sarmatians, caused to be inscribed, as is well known, the monogram of our Saviour. One circumstance supports my explanation: it is, that the act of

haranguing represented on the medal, is reproduced with fuller detail on the eastern part of the base of the triumphal arch."

The whole of the lower part of this monument is built round with small shops and houses, and many sculptured figures may be remarked inside a coffee-shop on the right, as you enter the town. When I last saw them, they had been freshly whitewashed, and picked out in sky-blue, in honour either of the Sultan or Prince Alfred.

Leake, speaking of this triumphal arch, says: "The execution of the sculpture is better suited to the age of Theodosius, whose victories over the Goths were a common subject on the monuments of his age."

Every Christian traveller to Salonica will inquire for the spot where St. Paul is supposed to have preached, and will probably remain in a maze of perplexity, as no fewer than six places will be confidently pointed out to him as the identical spot; and yet, notwithstanding one pulpit *in* St. Sophia, another *beneath* it, a third pulpit outside St. Demetrius, etc., we are much inclined to favour a *seventh* indication, and one never yet, as I

believe, put forward. A gentleman of Salonica, by birth a Jew, but now a Christian, asserts that before the migration of the Jews, expelled from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella, there existed at Salonica *one* synagogue, one only — that of the Ashkenazim, the German Jews, (the inspired chronicler speaks distinctly as to there being only one,) and it was into that building St. Paul must have entered. The present synagogue, doubtless, occupies the site of the ancient one, and a descent of some twelve steps, from the street to the floor, may serve to denote its antiquity.

The sculptured pulpit to be found outside the mosque of St. Demetrius, of which I took a drawing, is curious; the steps, turning spirally, would appear to have been cut *after* the original construction, as they carry off the head of one of the figures.

One day, mounted on a sturdy Syrian donkey, I joined some friends who proposed visiting Chaoush Monastir, a monastery which stands on the hill at the highest point of Salonica, just within the encircling wall, and adjoining the fortress. The road up to it is abominably steep and stony; were

it not that the animals in Turkey are accustomed to climb like cats, it would be impossible to pass anywhere with safety. We gained the summit at length, but did not visit the neighbouring fort, which, standing on the site of the old Acropolis, is said to contain some remnants of antiquity. The monastery is a rambling wooden building: we were conducted into the apartment of the superior, and seated on the long divan under the windows to sip black coffee, enjoying at the same time the cool air, and the magnificent prospect of the Bay, with Olympus, Ossa, and shadowy Pelion beyond. Families from the city hire rooms here for the sake of change and fresh air during the summer heats; it is also a favourite lounge for the Turkish officers from the castle.

The principal supply of water for Salonica is conducted from the neighbouring mountains by pipes which pass through the courtyard of the Monastery; this circumstance was the means of procuring for the community, on the occasion of the last siege of the city, some privileges ignominiously bought at the expense of their fellow-townsmen. Salonica had successfully resisted for some time the

attack of the Turkish army, and might have held out much longer, had not the treacherous monks, on the condition of safety for themselves, showed the enemy a sure means of reducing the town by cutting off the supply of water rushing through their enclosure. The plan was successful; Salonica fell, and the monastery obtained some favours from the conquerors, but does not seem to have prospered. Now there are only two dingy representatives of the brotherhood and a superior, a shade less woe-begone. This dignitary, still a young man, showed us among the few ornaments of his room, a very spirited little portrait of himself in oils. The head was finished, and a good likeness, but the hands had been left sketchy. This was to him a terrible eyesore, and with many apologies and compliments, he begged me to put the last touches; I undertook to do so, as the poor man seemed proud of his "resim" (picture) and had wonderfully little else to be proud of, but circumstances afterwards prevented the fulfilment of my promise.

CHAPTER IV.

SALONIKIOTES.—THE JEWISH COMMUNITY.—FAIR JEWESSES.—COSTUME.—JEWISH NURSE AND "CHICATICO."—AN ARTIST'S DIFFICULTIES.—JEWISH INDUSTRY.—THE MAMEEN.—ALBANIAN AMAZONS.—THE "FRANK" BURIAL-GROUND.—DESOLATION.—SUBLIME VIEW OF OLYMPUS.—WALLS OF SALONICA.—FORTRESS HUTS.—DEERSKIN BOOTS IN CANDIA.—VISIT TO A TURKISH LADY.—A TURKISH HOUSE.—SWEETMEATS AND COFFEE.—ANCIENT HOSPITALITY AND "FRANK" REFORMS.—CONVERSATION.—HOW THEY MANAGE A COURTSHIP IN TURKEY.—FEARS OF A MUSSULMAN OUTBREAK.—REPORTS.—EXCITEMENT.—CONSPIRACY.—PRECAUTIONS.—AN ANXIOUS NIGHT.—PANIC CEASES.—BULGARIAN BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.—PREPARATIONS FOR A JOURNEY.

THE population of Salonica, which is as varied and polyglot as that of most other Eastern cities, is principally composed of Turks, Jews, and Greeks, with a plentiful sprinkling from all the surrounding countries: Albanians, Bulgarians, Wallachians, Ionians, mountaineers from the Pindus, and mari-

ners from the neighbouring Archipelago, some Europeans (which title refers to the English, French, German, and other "Frank" communities), and a strong body of Zingaris, or Gipsies, who are here not wandering, but settled in the quarter of the town assigned to them; they are the recognized blacksmiths and tinkers. One peculiar people, however, found in such numbers at Constantinople, Broussa, and generally throughout the Levant, the Armenians, do not seem to have migrated, as a body, so far west.*

The Jews form the most important element of the population of Salonica. With the exception of one family of immensely wealthy Anglo-Levantine merchants, they hold in their hands almost all the commerce and industry of this, the third commercial part of the empire. Their fortunes are very large, although, with the exception of a few of their superior families, they keep up a sordid outward appearance, in their persons and dwellings, hoping

* The number of Turks and Jews is about equal. The Christians are in the minority, the proportions being, as nearly as could be ascertained, 15,000 Turks, 15,000 Jews, and 10,000 Christians.

thus to escape, in some measure, the cupidity of their grasping Turkish rulers. Many an old Hebrew, hobbling over the rough pavement in a ragged chintz robe, like a dressing gown made from bed curtains, patched and grimy, might probably buy up half Salonica. Their "aristocracy," here, take a higher position in society than their brethren of Constantinople, for which they are perhaps partly indebted to the elegant refinement of their wives. Most of the fair Jewesses are from Florence. They are lovely, accomplished women, their houses are filled with every luxury which art and taste can furnish, and their dresses might excite the envy of many a Parisian *élégante*, but yet their lives can rarely be happy. They are betrothed in infancy, and afterwards married to men in every way inferior to themselves, and often of double their own age; men of little education, and few ideas beyond the accumulation of wealth, and whose treatment of their young wives is said to be frequently the reverse of gentle. These beautiful Jewesses are considered, notwithstanding, to be generally blameless in their conduct, and faithful to their uncongenial homes, although an instance oc-

curred within my knowledge, where one, whose exceeding beauty I had heard much praised, driven to desperation, they said, by ill-treatment, fled in the company of a Gentile admirer; what her future fate may be, it it is painful to conjecture.

The Jewesses of inferior degree wear a peculiar dress, which has rather a dignified look, as the material is often rich, and they are themselves tall and upright. The married women keep the hair covered, and gathered into a long bag of bright-coloured silk, the favourite tints being scarlet and green; this bag, four or five inches wide, hangs from the crown of the head, down the back below the waist; it is frequently embroidered at the end with pearls, and fringed with gold. A painted handkerchief is rolled round the temples, and further secured by another of a different colour, which, passing under the chin, is tied in a bow on the top of the head; some little bits of bright rose-coloured or scarlet gauze finish this rather complicated *coiffure*. Their robes consist of a narrow skirt of light-coloured printed cotton, the waist very short, and the body quite open in front, with a muslin neckerchief so disposed as to allow

of the display of several rows of coarse pearls; the married women, in addition, wear a broad gold collar *riveted* round the throat. Over their cotton dresses they put a pelisse of rich striped silk, lined with crimson or scarlet,—this, also, is entirely open in front, and edged round the neck with gold galloon: the waist behind seems nearly on a line with the shoulders, from which the skirt flows in a long narrow train, looped up on one side, for the convenience of walking. When they go out in the town, they put over all this, even in the hottest weather, an ample coat of scarlet cloth reaching to the feet, edged and trimmed with dark fur, and envelope the head and shoulders in a large veil of white calico. Girls, when of an age to be married, cover the head with a scarf, throwing one end of it over the right shoulder.

A good-humoured young Jewish nurse often came to sit on the steps of our house, dancing her nurseling, whom she called a "chicatico," and rolling her large black eyes in wonder at my attempts to transfer her to paper; I persuaded her, with great difficulty, to stand a few minutes, but she soon ran away again, laughing, though half fright-

ened, nor could she be induced to resume the experiment: I believe her companions convinced her that I had some evil design, through my drawing, of throwing a spell over herself or the "chicatico." When I became aware of this, I gave up the matter, contenting myself with a slight sketch, as the little baby looked pale and sickly; had it fallen ill, the consequences might have been unpleasant,—at least I should certainly have borne the blame of it in their minds. I remembered having once been requested to undertake a portrait of the charming wife of a highly enlightened Turkish dignitary. I waited some time in expectation of the first sitting; it was constantly postponed, and I learnt at length that the fanatic old mother of the Pasha would on no account allow of it; it would not fail, she said, to have an evil influence over the unborn infant which the lady was rather distantly expecting. The master of the house was quite above such a superstition, but the habitual deference to age and parental authority prevailing, the idea of the portrait was abandoned.

The Jews are hard-working people; as was before remarked, all the industry of Salonica seems

to be in their hands. They make a very strong, durable kind of goat's-hair cloth, used for sacks and the covering of bales,—also, I believe, for tents. They manufacture a cheap sort of carpet, made in narrow strips, and sewn together afterwards, besides gold and silver lace; but the occupation which gives work to crowds of men, women, and children, is the silk-winding,—it is carried on to a great extent; during the season, and when it does not happen to be a Jewish fast or festival, (for they are rigorous observers of the appointed days of rest, and even their proverbial love of gold will not induce them to neglect what they consider a sacred obligation,) the humming sound of the wheels, and the buzz of voices, may be heard from every courtyard in their quarter of the town.

The silkworm-seed also, as the eggs are called, is a very important article of commerce; persons of all classes devote themselves assiduously to the care of the worm and the cocoon, for the short period of each year during which they require attention; it is found to be very lucrative.

The greater number of the Jews at Salonica, as at Constantinople, are the descendants of those

who were expelled by Ferdinand and Isabella from Spain: their language is a mixture of Spanish and Hebrew, which is rather musical.

In passing through the streets, and more particularly in the bazaars, you frequently meet with a class of persons whose appearance at first is somewhat puzzling: they wear the long caftan and white turban of the Mussulman, while their countenances bear the unmistakable type of the Israelite. They are the "Duñmek," or "Ma'meen," the followers of Sabataï Sévi, a Jewish impostor of the seventeenth century, who, having excited the jealousy of the Turkish government by the number of his adherents, was seized by order of Mahomet IV., and thrown into prison, where he became a Mussulman, to save his life. The followers of his tenets are called "Duñmek," by the Jews, from the Turkish verb "Duñmek" (to turn round); they call themselves "Ma'meen," or True Believers; and it is said that, although conforming outwardly to the creed of Mahomet, they still continue to practise in secret the rites of their peculiar sect, for which purpose their houses open into each other.

They never intermarry with either the Turks or the Jews, much less with the Christians. It is related that the community once made up a purse of £4000 as an inducement (which was not resisted) to a certain Pasha to withdraw his pretensions to the hand of a fair lady "Duñmek." They number about two hundred families; a few individuals of the sect may be seen every Friday worshipping with the "Faithful" in the mosques; they also send one or two Hadjis every year to Mecca, but this is only done to keep up the deception, and to secure the goodwill of the Mahometans. On the other hand, those among the Ma'meen who are shopkeepers take it by turns to keep some of their shops open on the Jewish Sabbath, which is theirs also, merely to save appearances, as a general closing of their places of business, on the same day with the Jews, would be too prominent an avowal of their Israelitish tendencies.

The "Hamals," or street porters of Salonica, are Albanians; they migrate in considerable numbers from their barren mountains, and pass years amongst the cities of the plains as "hewers of

wood, and drawers of water," sellers of fruit, *yaourt* (curdled milk), and other articles of daily consumption.

It is asserted of one of the tribes of mountaineers of the northern districts, that their women are Amazons, fearful self-protecting females, more familiar with the musket and the yataghan than with the distaff, and who doubtless stir their children's pap with a dagger. Some of them, I heard, lived at Salonica, where one was even married to the son of a wealthy Turk, but I was not fortunate enough to meet with a specimen there. I afterwards saw one in Albania itself.

During my stay, a melancholy death occurred in our small Christian community. An interesting young girl, the daughter of a missionary, was carried off in a few days by malignant fever. I attended the funeral service. According to the native custom, the pale little corpse was laid out in its coffin in the great hall of the house with the face uncovered, the head crowned with flowers, and fresh blossoms laid upon the breast.

After the service had been impressively read by a missionary clergyman, the body was borne, fol-

lowed by a numerous company of friends to the European Christian burial-ground, outside the eastern gate of the town. I did not accompany it there, but I visited the spot on a subsequent occasion. It is very wild and desolate, on the bleak hill-side without defence or enclosure of any sort, not far from the fortress now called Yéde Kuli, or the Seven Towers, and near a great gully, or rent in the earth.

There are not many European tombs, but amongst them the proportion of children's graves is large: some little ones were there, whose fluttering breath had sobbed for a moment on life's threshold, and was still, burying in their tiny graves the trembling mother's cherished hope and the father's blameless pride. It is very sad to see the unguarded little mounds beside the yawning chasm, on the desolate hillside, exposed to the prowling wild dog, or scarce fiercer wolf. But cease to gaze upon the crumbling earth; turn and behold that glorious object, which to the lover of nature never fails to gladden the heart and elevate the thoughts,—a majestic mountain-range. From far below rises the hum of the busy city, striving,

jostling, tossing in the great struggle of life, within its battlemented walls, washed by the ever-changing restless waves, then the broad expanse of the Gulf. Beyond, in the far west, a mighty form, calm, solemn, immutable, the giant monarch of Thessaly, round whose base nations have risen, flourished, and decayed, and where even now the Cross and the Crescent stand at bay, ready to plunge into fierce contest for rule in that classic land; yet ever that proud summit, high above the rolling vapours of the valley, rears its snowy diadem into the clear regions of infinite space. The sight which inspired Xerxes with the hope of other lands to conquer, may well elevate the mind of the Christian spectator to the world beyond the grave; for (thought full of joy and hope!) in that wondrous future, when even the "mountains shall pass away," and that majestic form shall be annihilated, will those tiny graves on the lonely hillside give up their buried treasures, and the sad mother shall behold once more the lost blessing of her life.

This view from the Frank burial-ground is finer, in my opinion, than the vaunted prospect from Chaoush Monastir, on account of the noble

Hanhart, lith

VIEW NEAR VODENA, _ MOUNT OLYMPUS IN THE DISTANCE.

line of walls, towers, and turrets, which forms so characteristic a foreground to the picture. The long tongue of land on the left, is Kara Bournou.

The walls of Salonica are five miles in extent, one mile of which runs along the seashore; in many parts may be observed slabs of marble and tombstones; we were told that on the occasion of one of the sieges, the Jews were compelled by the other inhabitants, to tear up their tombstones to assist in rebuilding the walls with them. The large round tower at the south-eastern end, near the Kala Meria (a kind of dusty promenade much frequented by the Greeks), is called a powder magazine: whether it is now so used I do not know.

In the neighbourhood of Salonica, scattered about among the vineyards and mulberry gardens at the foot of Mount Khortiazi, are a number of little dwellings, which, by their peculiar construction, speak volumes as to the insecurity of life and property in those parts. They are square, the lower part built very strongly of stone, with no opening except one small door; the habitable part above projects considerably over the basement story on all sides, for the facility of firing down upon as-

sailants. Thus each little cottage is a small fortress —a precaution very necessary until quite recent times, as the country around swarmed with banditti, nor is it now at all secure: a lady cannot venture to take a walk in the fields unless accompanied by a servant, with a whole arsenal of weapons in his belt.

It was at Salonica that I learnt a curious fact relating to the Isle of Candia. The natives of that place wear boots of deer-skin, to preserve themselves from the serpents which swarm there. They assert that serpents are afraid of the deer, who destroy them by crushing their heads, and that they always attempt to escape from them. It was for this reason that the Knights of Rhodes introduced deer into their island, which was similarly infested.

I went one day with Mrs. C—— to visit the wife of the Governor, Husny Pasha. The Seraï is a rambling wooden building; I imagine that the "selamlik," the men's division of the house, is somewhat more in order than the ha'arem, which wore a very dilapidated and crazy aspect. We were received at the entrance by two or three attendants, who ushered us upstairs, through a large

hall, into a room rather comfortably furnished according to Turkish notions. The principal rooms in Turkish houses are generally so constructed as to have a long range of windows close together at one end, with one, two, three, or even more windows on either side at the same end of the room, so as to command three different views at once. The light through this extent of glass would be far too strong, but for the thick crossbars of the "coffesses," or Turkish blinds, screening the lower half of the window, while the upper part is thickly draped with curtains. The principal Divan is a broad cushion, or rather mattrass, raised on a wooden frame, high enough from the ground to make it exceedingly fatiguing and painful to sit long on the edge of it, in the European manner. The Orientals sit with their feet gathered up, leaning against the range of cushions at the back, as hard as blocks of wood, and far from realizing the downy pillows of imaginative writers on the East. The corner of the divan is the place of honour usually occupied by the mistress of the house, and is furnished with two or three softer, flat cushions. On either side of this principal couch, and at right

angles with it, is another, much lower, formed of one thick mattrass on the ground, for persons of secondary degree, and a few little squares of carpet and quilted stuff are strewn about, on which the slaves and children crouch down when they do not prefer the floor, which in summer is covered with matting, and in winter carpeted.

Tables are almost unknown in Turkish houses, and would indeed be useless for people who rarely do anything but smoke and lounge about, or, if they chance to be making a garment, infinitely prefer spreading it on the ground. The ornaments of the apartment mostly consist of water-cups and vases in European china, placed in a range of niches at the further end of the room, varied with an orange or two, or a lemon; sometimes a fine pumpkin does duty as decoration. In most houses, sentences from the Koran, written in large gold letters, and framed, are hung against the wall in place of pictures; sometimes a pomegranate with its leaves, or an orange, is hung on a nail.

European chairs are beginning to be much used in the ha'arems, and the women attempt to sit upon them, awkwardly enough; but, old habit often

prevailing, they double up their limbs in a most ungraceful fashion on the narrow seats.

Except in a few of the most "civilized" houses, the walls of the rooms are simply whitewashed, although the ceilings are almost always carved and painted; thick curtains hang before the doors,—and this, with slight variation, is the amount of luxury usually found in the home of the Turk; their greatest real luxury being neatness, cleanliness, and plenty of fresh air.

Soon after we were seated, the attendants brought us the usual refreshments, sweetmeat and coffee. When wishing to do honour to a guest, they sometimes serve two kinds of sweetmeat, such as cherry or plum jam, citron preserved in little strips, and frequently gum mastic and sugar, very good, notwithstanding its unpromising name. The preserves were handed on a tray; on the right hand stood a silver or glass bowl full of small spoons, a similar bowl on the left, empty, and round the tray several glasses of pure water. The visitor takes a spoonful of the sweetmeat, places the spoon in the left-hand bowl, and drinks some water; after which, another person advances with a tiny cup in an or

namented holder like an egg-cup in filigree, called a "zarf;" these are sometimes even enriched with diamonds, and of great value; the cups contained black coffee sweetened, and was drunk, as we should say, with the "grounds." This method of making the coffee is at first very distasteful to a European; but after a short time, most people greatly prefer it; it is clearly the best way of preserving the pure aroma of the berry, which is not ground into grains as with us, but reduced to an almost impalpable powder, either by pounding in a mortar or by a peculiar kind of coffee-mill. When it is intended to do you especial honour, the lady will herself hand the coffee, or at least depute her daughter to do so. Our amiable hostess, being in delicate health, omitted the observance of this little point of etiquette, and the tiny, fragrant cups were offered to us by one of her friends; but another rule was carefully observed: the slave holding the coffee-tray had a circular piece of some rich satin stuff, spangled and deeply fringed with silver, placed over the front of the tray (it is sometimes thrown across the left shoulder): she was accompanied by another, who held a silver vessel

(like the censer in Roman Catholic churches) containing the little coffee-pot on some embers of charcoal. I mention all these trifling details, because the degree of respect shown towards guests is clearly marked by the attention paid to them. The least amount of hospitality which can be offered to a stranger, is the simple cup of coffee, brought in in the hand, and this is scarcely ever omitted in any case; but the good days are gone by for ever, where you were begged to accept the costly "zarf" and cup out of which you had sipped the perfumed beverage: since the war, the Mussulmans are feebly endeavouring to adopt some of the "Frank" fashions, and have concluded that such costly hospitalities are decidedly old-fashioned and out of date. During a five years' residence at Constantinople, in constant, and in most cases very friendly intercourse with many of the highest families, the amount of presents offered to me, and those respectively from the Sultan's chief favourite and the wife of his principal chamberlain, has been —two apples, and a quince!

But to return to our hostess, the wife of Husny Pasha. She was rather handsome, with regular

features, and soft dark eyes, but immensely fat, so much so, that her health was suffering from it. After bidding us welcome in the customary phrase, by telling us that "now she had found her happiness," she began the usual string of questions, headed, of course, by a tender inquiry after the health of the party, and the respective friends and relations. They do not commence proceedings with the weather in Turkey, but they never fail to ask if you have a father and mother, and seem anxious about their ages, then—"Have you brothers or sisters? How old are they? (To a young lady) Are you married? Mashallah! not married! Why are you not married? these things are better managed with us." I asked her some questions about these Turkish courtships; the good lady was quite willing to be communicative, and told us that when parents wish to find a wife for their son, some old woman is employed to make inquiries, and having discovered a young lady with a fitting portion, and beautiful (*i. e.* very fat, with a round, flat, pasty face), the mother of the intending bridegroom pays a morning call. The fair young "Khanum" hands the coffee to

the visitor, in doing which, as she is obliged to walk the whole length of the room, it can be judged whether she is lame, or has any evident personal defect. If the matter proceeds, she has generally an opportunity given her of seeing the youth through a keyhole, or the crack of a door, or even from her carriage on the public promenade; but the unfortunate man has no resource but to submit to the judgment of others, which is decidedly a risk in matters of taste. And we concluded, amongst ourselves, that the natural objection to "pigs in pokes" is perhaps one reason why so many men, even of the highest rank, marry their slaves, and place them at the head of their establishment. But I must not enter on the subject of the domestic economy of the Turks, as, from my long experience and peculiar opportunities of observation, it would be an endless theme, but return to the amiable Khanum, who was entertaining us, and whose one absorbing grief was that she was childless. This is always a subject of deep anxiety to a Turkish wife, as, in addition to her own natural disappointment, she has the dread of seeing herself replaced, without much cere-

mony, in her husband's heart and home. Our visit, which had consisted entirely in feeble attempts at conversation, was soon ended, and we left, passing out through a double row of slaves, each anxiously expecting her share of the "backshish" customary on the occasion of official visits.

It was not long after this expedition to the Turkish seraï that my brother returned to Constantinople, leaving me to accompany our kind friends to Monastir, on the frontiers of Albania. I felt considerable anxiety at our separation, as there had been for many days a vague feeling in the air, as it were, of something amiss, some threatened danger at hand. The fearful Syrian massacres were still thrilling men's minds with the awful details which each day's investigation brought to light; and Christians of all denominations, throughout the Empire, felt as if standing on the brink of a slumbering volcano. Mr. Leonidas, the head dragoman, an excitable Greek from classic Tempe, and undoubtedly no Spartan, came from the town to report that there was trouble of some sort, no one could define it,—but there was alarm, and people hinted at Russian

agency at work to excite suspicion on the one side, and fanaticism on the other. In the course of the day various reports were brought in, considerably swelled and magnified before they reached our country dwelling. The Greeks had been suddenly forbidden by the authorities to exercise their lately conceded privilege of ringing their church bells, and forced to content themselves with the old method of striking upon a bar of iron or wood. Then we heard that repeated attempts had been made to set fire to the town; no one could say by whom. Threatening words, used by the Mussulmans, were reported. The panic began to take a definite form; people talked of procuring arms —of combination—but there is no true spirit of combination amongst the Greeks; of self-defence; of possible escape from the spot in case of a real outbreak. The Turks were in a minority, but they held the fort. Then came the anxious question—with whom would the large body of Jews be likely to side? Most undoubtedly with the stronger party, and, from mere force of numbers, they would be important as friend or enemy.

There was a meeting of the European consuls,

who went to examine the spots where fire was said to have been stifled; this was clearly proved to be the work of some agent employed to create alarm and mistrust,—not any serious attempt on the part of the Turks; but the danger did not cease with the discovery of this villainous conspiracy. The Turks of Salonica are a quiet, inoffensive body of men, living mostly in great harmony with their fellow-townsmen; but who could limit the extent to which fanaticism might be stirred? The Governor himself, Husny Pasha, was absent, and people had little confidence in his delegate; although the military chief showed tact and firmness when application was made to him by a party of ruffians from the town to take the lead in some decided movement. Instead of rebuffing them at once, and so sending them off in search of some other and less scrupulous leader, "Wait a little, my friends," said he, "I dare say a great deal of what you say may be very wise, but the moment for action is not yet arrived; give me time to combine my plans of operation." And so the day waned; and though the little Greek boats, skimming the rippling water in front of our windows,

passed more silently perhaps than usual, our peace was undisturbed as we watched the sun sink behind Olympus, shrouding the majestic summit in a veil of golden mist.

The last thing we heard was, that the Greeks had determined to sleep outside the town, on the bare hillside, rather than suffer themselves to be entrapped within the walls, the gates of which are always closed at sunset. The French in our neighhood would barricade themselves in an immense flour-mill near us, a perfect fortress; and for ourselves, Mr. C——, in compliance principally, I think, with the wishes of the ladies, had his large boat, the 'Pyramus,' stationed near the house, the boatmen remaining at hand, so that we could, if necessary, embark at a moment's notice, and take refuge on board one of the Christian merchant vessels lying in the harbour. Nothing more could be done, but to wait with patience and resignation the events which the dark hours of the night might bring forth. I put together such few articles of value as I happened to have with me, ready for flight, and endeavoured to sleep, not without frequently starting up as the distant murmur of men's

voices came at intervals through the thick darkness of the mulberry-groves at the back of the house; though they were only, as I afterwards found, some harmless Croats carousing in a neighbouring coffee-shop.

The next morning the alarm, though more subdued, still existed. Leonidas came again, in a state of wild excitement, and full of projects. He would take his family, he said, in a large boat by night to the opposite shore of the Gulf, to some unknown country place, etc.; but in the end he did not go; we all stayed quietly, nothing happened, and the panic passed away. How far it was groundless, or whether we were really on the brink of a general rising of the Mussulmans, will probably never be known, nor would the subject then have assumed such importance, but for the awful experience in Syria, so recent, and comparatively so near at hand.

It was while the packages were being prepared for the removal to Monastir, that a holiday troop of Bulgarian peasants wandered through the garden; I seized the opportunity to persuade two of them, though with some difficulty, to stand quiet for a few minutes, while I sketched them. They

Hanhart, lith.

A BULGARIAN BRIDE.

were more decorated than the rest of the party and turned out to be bride and bridegroom. The lady was the first to yield to the combined influence of flattery and "backshish," and stood tolerably still for about five minutes, in spite of the jokes and laughter of her companions, but when it came to the young husband's turn; instead of supporting him, as she should have done, under the trial, she poured forth a volley of Bulgarian reproaches, which meant (I got the Cavass to interpret) that he was to come away—what did he mean by standing to be looked at in that way?—he would get the evil eye cast on him, and so on; while the "happy man" stood his ground, though rather irresolutely, I confess, objecting that since his better-half had gained a "beshlik," he did not see why he should not have one also. The bride wore on her head a heavy mass of coins strung close together, and forming a sort of crown; from which long strings of the same hung in loose festoons under the chin, mixed with coloured glass beads, and other tawdry ornaments. The flowers ornamenting their heads (for the husband was similarly adorned) were more remarkable for abun-

dance than elegance, the object appearing to be to wear as large a bunch as possible, and standing so far out as to make them look like American Indians in their plumes.

When the time for starting on our journey to Monastir drew near, there was some difficulty in procuring the necessary means of conveyance for ourselves and the baggage. Camels had been spoken of for the larger bales; they were found to be all away at some great fair in the neighbourhood, and were not attainable. Finally an agreement was made for several heavy buffalo-carts, some baggage-horses, and mules. There were saddle-horses for the family, and a dilapidated vehicle, the only one to be had, procured at great expense, to go as far as Vodena, where it was expected that we should meet a carriage sent by the Pasha of Monastir.

CHAPTER V.

THE CAVALCADE.—CAVASSES.—PICTURESQUE ASPECT OF SALONICA.—TUMULI.—VALMATHÈS.—MOSQUITOES.—THE PLAIN OF THE VARDAR.—ARID SOIL.—VULTURES.—STORKS.—CAMELS.—BUFFALOES.—TRAVELLERS.—"GRAINEURS."—THE "TATAR."—A TATARAVAN.—THE VARDAR RIVER.—THE BRIDGE.—AN OBSTINATE MULE.—THE KHAN OF PELLA.—REST.—THE OLD FOUNTAIN, AND THE RUINED WALL.—ANCIENT PELLA.—TUMULI.—A NIGHT IN A ROADSIDE KHAN.—SIMPLE ACCOMMODATION.—CONTRIVANCES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

We formed a numerous and very motley cavalcade; clattering through the streets of Salonica, and out by the Vardar Gate in the cool of the summer evening; according to the hospitable custom in those parts, many friends of Mr. C—— had joined our travelling party, in order to accompany us some way on the road, and the Pasha had sent a guard of honour, booted, spurred, bedizened, and

armed to the teeth, who, in addition to the consular cavasses and servants, made up quite an imposing escort. These formidable gentlemen proved afterwards anything but an acquisition; they are a wild set of men; one of them, especially, in defiance of the Koran, took such copious and exhilarating refreshment at all the khans we passed, that he was rarely sober, and kept us in a constant state of excitement by prancing and curvetting, varied by an occasional tumble in the most awkward places, to the great disturbance of my horse's nerves.

The friends who had ridden out with us gradually dropped away after a mile or two, when, reduced to our proper proportions, we began the journey in earnest.

Turning round to take a farewell look at Salonica, I was struck with its picturesque aspect, clambering up the slope of the hill, and backed, as it is from this point, by the Mount Khortiazi, the graceful curve of the Bay on the right-hand, and beyond it, the long, low reach of Kara Bournou.

We passed several tumuli at a short distance

from the road; many of them, I was told, have never been opened, and would surely repay the antiquarian traveller who might be able to examine them.

We had started in the evening in order to make a very short stage on the first day, and already began to distinguish the trees marking our destination for the night, when the lowering clouds, and heavy raindrops, warned us to look about for some nearer shelter; but there was none at hand: a hospitable old Turk jogging along towards his farm on the left, urged us to hasten there; it was, however, considered better to pass forwards; after a smart wetting, the storm cleared off, and in about three hours and a half from the time of our departure from Salonica, we stopped at Valmathès, a hamlet, a short distance from the high-road, to the right.

On alighting at the cottage-like dwelling of the agent of the Archbishop of Salonica, Campaneus, we found, to our dismay, that the baggage-horses had, by mistake, all gone on to the next halting-place. There was no help for it, so we submitted to circumstances, and enjoyed such bowls of re-

freshing tea (we fortunately had *that* with us) as I never drank before, for we found here an abundance of fresh milk, a luxury of which we had been almost deprived at Salonica. The rooms were clean, and the people of the place most anxious to make us comfortable, but sleep at night was impossible.

Travellers accustomed to the luxurious hotels of civilized Europe, can form no idea of what must be endured in the search after the picturesque in the interior of Turkey. Here at Valmathès, we were especially well off, being in a private house, instead of the khan or caravanseraï, and yet, as there was but one room for sleeping, and that hermetically closed on account of the neighbouring marshes, we passed many hours of wretchedness under the combined influence of heat and mosquitoes, which agreeable addition to the minor evils of life flourish here in perfection, rivalling their celebrated relatives of the Danube, to destroy which (as it was once remarked) "you must grasp them with both hands by the small of the waist, and dash their heads against the wall." We endured the torture till dawn began to penetrate the little

windows, when our tormentors subsided, and soon after, once more in the saddle, the fresh air of the early morning chased away all thought of the past discomfort, and we remembered only that in a few hours we should be on the site of the ancient city of Philip of Macedon, and the birthplace of Alexander.

Our road, for two days, lay over the great plain of Salonica, called also the Plain of Yenidjeh, and the Plain of the Vardar. It stretches from the gates of Salonica to the foot of the hill of Vodena, where the great highway branches off, on the one hand towards Southern Albania, and the passes into Thessaly; and on the other, leads to Monastir or Bitolia, the head-quarters of the Turkish army in Roumelia, and residence of the Commander-in-chief.

It is a dreary, arid, sandy level; for many miles the country is entirely without trees, and the glaring heat of the sun is rendered still more painful by the glittering quality of the sandy soil, which shines as if mixed with particles of glass, causing the heat thrown up from the ground to be almost as oppressive as the fierce rays from above.

Here and there you meet with a flock of vultures, or one of them perched on a withered stump, adding to the dreary desolation of the landscape; and, as you pass along, large flights of storks rise heavily into the air, stretching their long necks ungracefully forwards, and flapping their large wings ponderously, but soon sink to the earth again, at a short distance, quickly wearied with the unusual exertion.

Sometimes you overtake long strings of camels, led by the invariable little donkey, and laden with bales of merchandise, passing slowly along the road to Vodena; horses and mules also, with similar burdens; and occasionally a train of heavy Bulgarian carts drawn by buffaloes; the wheels, which are never greased, creaking, groaning, and screeching in a manner quite inconceivable in civilized countries. Their owners pretend that the buffaloes would not go on without this hideous accompaniment. Not unfrequently, also, you pass the carcase of one of these animals on the road. The drivers sometimes carelessly allow them to drink at the little pools of muddy water in the neighbourhood of the Vardar, which are filled

with leeches (an important article of commerce in this part of Turkey), and these, fastening inside their throat, suffocate them. This happened to one of the buffaloes which had started with our baggage the previous day from Salonica; the owners, unwilling to lose all, had skinned it, and left it by the roadside, a ghastly object, attractive only to the vultures. And yet this plain of the Vardar, in spite of its barren desolation, and sandy soil, the glaring sun, and the sickening south wind so often prevailing, has a beauty which, in recollection at least, is very impressive; far away on the left, stretches the magnificent range of the Pindus, and higher still, visionary, pale, yet firm, the "Throne of Jove" capping with eternal snows the gigantic mass of Olympus, the Olympus of Thessaly.

You meet with great variety of company on this important thoroughfare; sometimes you may encounter a wandering Arab household, or a Turkish family of the lower ranks, the women sitting astride, or on a pile of carpets and cushions, the children stowed away in panniers, and the master of the household (his long pipe fastened through

his belt behind, when not in use,) slowly leading the procession. Now, a party passes you at a smart gallop, they have a strong guard of cavasses; from a considerable distance, you have decided that they are "Franks," although the various and grotesque headdresses adapted to the peculiar taste of each as a protection from the sun, make it difficult to determine their nationality. They raise a great cloud of dust as they dash by, and there is considerable prancing and curvetting amongst the horses of their armed guard, whose brilliant Albanian dresses and glittering belts of weapons impress you with a feeling of the importance of the expedition. It must be some political mission into the interior, some emissary of France or Russia, connected with the troubles in Montenegro, and Servia,—some one, in short, who is "somebody." No! it is "nobody," only a party of *graineurs* from France, agents for the sale or purchase of the silkworm seed. They carry large sums of money, and therefore need a considerable escort, where the quiet tourist can pass almost without risk.

Again there is a cloud of dust, with loud shouting; you turn quickly to the side of the road, and

the "Tatar" (the Turkish Post) clatters by, throwing his arms into the air, and screaming a salute without stopping, the sides of his poor horse probably bleeding from the merciless use of the cruel shovel stirrups.

I once met a vehicle called "Tartaravan," in which a lady in delicate health was being conveyed from Monastir. It is a wooden box without wheels, borne along by two horses, placed before and behind. It is long enough to permit the traveller to recline in a sitting position, is furnished with little windows, and looks pleasant enough for an invalid. This kind of conveyance is very rarely made use of.

A ride of about two hours brought us to the banks of the Vardar, which, under its ancient name of the "Axius," * was the principal river of Macedonia, and the eastern boundary of the kingdom before the reign of Philip. It was called in the Middle Ages, "Bardarium," from which its modern name, "Vardhari," is derived.

* "The Axius rises in Mount Scardus, between Dardania and Dalmatia, a little north-west of Scupi; it flows in a south-easterly direction through Macedonia, and after passing by Pella, falls into the Thermaic Gulf." (Smith's 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography.')

The bridge over the Vardar is excessively long reckoned at 1800 feet, and, in this hot season, spanned a considerable extent of dry land on the eastern bank. It is wooden, and was then in wretched repair, full of immense holes, and decaying beams. Of course our lively cavass came to grief here; he had been recruiting his strength with the Raki of the little Khan by the river-side, and down he came with his horse's foot in a large hole; happily the poor animal was not injured. Some months later, I crossed here again, and found the holes patched up, as the Grand Vizier was expected, but I make no doubt, being in Turkey, that it is by this time as bad again as ever.*

At no great distance beyond the bridge, we came to a bend of the river which is quite fordable in summer; we crossed it now in that manner, but

* It was at this spot that, on a later occasion, I prevailed on a young washerwoman to stand a few minutes for her portrait She was a broad-faced, good-humoured-looking Bulgarian, and being, as I ascertained, newly married, was rather gay in her attire. The black cap which covered her bushy auburn locks was adorned with some artificial flowers and sundry tassels in green and red worsted. She had a string of blue beads round her throat, and carried in her left hand a broad flat piece of wood for beating the linen.

later in the season a large flat-bottomed ferry-boat is used, and we were once much amused by the obstinate refusal of one of our baggage mules to embark. He was unloaded, coaxed, abused, pulled, pushed, patted, beaten,—nothing succeeded until a man threw a cloak over the animal's head, when, with a wild attempt at resistance, uncertain in which direction to protest, with a stumble and a plunge, he was in.

Before midday we reached the little Khan of Pella, a desolate roadside caravanserai, near a large fountain, possessing, however, the blessing of a few trees, which spread their shade over a hundred feet or so of scanty grass, beside a tiny stream of running water,—altogether a combination of luxuries impossible to resist; so the horses were unloaded, carpets and cushions spread beside the little rill, an excellent picnic repast (including tea) laid out before us, and—we rested.

Fully to appreciate the happiness of *rest*, one must know something of the Vardar Plain in the month of August, or of the Great Desert of Egypt, which (extent excepted) is very much one and the same thing.

Few persons ever stop at Pella; the part of the road between Salonica and Yenidjeh is the most fatiguing, as it is the longest stage of the journey to Monastir, and that perhaps is the reason why so little search seems to have been made hitherto for remains of the old Macedonian city. Most travellers, anxious to push forward towards their shelter for the night, content themselves with a glance at the old wall on the hill to the right, and a draught of the clear water of the fountain below; nothing more meets the notice of a casual observer; but it is probable that any one possessing time and means to excavate and examine the ground in the little village of Neokhori or Yenikeni, at a short distance from the fountain, which has been identified with a portion of ancient Pella,* would be rewarded for his trouble though he must be prepared to surmount inconceivable difficulties thrown in his way by the

* Leake speaks of this fountain as "a copious source which is received into a square reservoir of masonry, and flows out of it in a stream to the marsh. This source is called by the Bulgarians 'Pel.' As the ancient cities of Greece often derived their names from a ruin or fountain, the same may have occurred in the instance of the celebrated capital of Philip and

ignorance and cupidity of the Turks, who, convinced that all such undertakings are merely a search for hidden treasure, use every means to baffle the inquiring stranger. The Franks cannot be such fools, they say, as to be only groping for old stones which are not even worth burning for lime. Mr. C—— rode up to Neokhori, and perceived some subterranean sculptured columns, but was not able to examine further.

I went up the hill through a stubbly field to examine the remains of masonry, called the ruins of the Palace of Philip. It is a crumbling bit of wall, of rough stones put together with mortar, and, to my unlearned eye, it did not bear the stamp of so much antiquity. The other remains at the foot of the hill have a more genuine look: the reservoir into which the waters of the source are collected, as well as the large fountain beneath (by the side of the road and opposite to

his successors, which the description of Livy, compared with the tumuli, and other ancient remains, clearly shows to have stood in this situation. It would seem as if the name of Pella survived even the ruins of the city, and had reverted to the fountain to which it was originally attached." (Leake's 'Northern Greece.')

the little khan), are constructed of solid square blocks of stone, certainly of ancient date; they are quite out of proportion to the present insignificance of the modern halting-place.

Coins are found in great abundance in all the lands around, as well as pottery and stones; quite recently, the trenches cut on either side of the new road, and in the same line as the old roadway, have laid bare specimens of antique pottery, and what appears to have been the solid pavement of the main street of the once populous city. Pella does not appear, however, to have been very extensive as the capital of a kingdom; it is supposed by one author to have reckoned three miles in circumference, though it is called at the same time a "splendid city." Philip was the first to make it a place of importance.

Several large tumuli may be remarked in the surrounding country, two of them very near to the little village; they are supposed by Colonel Leake to be the tombs of some of the noble families of Macedonia, and not of members of the royal family, as might be imagined.*

* "We are informed upon good authority that Ægæ (Voh-

We remained several hours at the Khan of Pella, which, like most buildings of the sort, is a rambling tenement round a square courtyard, the ground floor devoted to the stabling, the floor above, composed of little cell-like chambers, opening on a large balcony.

We carefully abstained from entering the building, dreading a numerous and lively addition to our company, although we were obliged to take refuge here on another occasion: it is a fair specimen of the accommodation to be expected in these parts, and therefore deserves a few words. Who has not in these days travelled in Switzerland and Germany, or at least in France, and can remember arriving at the comfortable, well-furnished hotel, where an elegant gentleman meets you on the steps, bows you into the brilliantly-lighted hall, and, conducting you up the carpeted staircase, hands you over to the care of the smart

dena) continued to be the burial-place of the royal family even after the seat of government was transferred to Pella. The body of Alexander was destined to be sent to the same place, had not Ptolemy caused it to be carried to Egypt. Philip Aridæus, his wife Eurydice, and her mother Cynna were buried at Ægæ by Cassander." (Leake's 'Northern Greece.')

chambermaid, who smooths the snowy sheets and downy pillow, draws the warm window-curtains, and professes herself ready to attend to your slightest wish? It is true the spoiled and pampered tourist is apt to complain of the "crumpled rose-leaf" of his luxurious couch, and the thunders of the 'Times' are invoked against offending *kellners* for unanswered bells, insufficient washing-basins, or a badly-cooked dinner; but turn to this other picture. It is nearly dark, and the heavy storm-clouds threaten to drench our little party to the skin, as, weary and hungry, we halt at this desolate Khan of Pella. It would take three hours or more to reach Yenidjeh in the darkness; the road is full of stones and pitfalls, and the country swarming with robbers. We must stop at the Khan. After some delay, the Khandjie, or guardian of this splendid house of entertainment, tumbles out in a ragged caftan, greasy turban, and tattered sheepskin cloak. He declares that he cannot receive us.

"There are no rooms for travellers."

Traveller (indignantly). "How do you say, Babam, (O my father!) — that there are no rooms?

There *are* rooms; we have been here before, and have seen them."

"Wall! by the soul of the Prophet! there are rooms, but the staircase is broken down, you cannot get up, the Madama could not climb the wall."

(You grow more determined.)

"See, Djanum (my soul), the rain rains like a torrent, the voice of the wind has come, the night has fallen; is there not a ladder?" (persuasively) "Cousoum (my lamb), try to find it, for we are going to stay."

The old bundle of sheepskin totters off, and eventually brings a small ladder, which proves on trial to be three or four feet too short to reach the top of the crumbling wall, the first plateau of the ascent; there is a struggle, a gymnastic effort, a dread lest the large stone should give way under your grasp, and you find yourself kneeling on the summit; but there is a further elevation to be attained,—a wooden platform, a yard higher up; you seize a tottering beam on the right, a friendly hand grasps your left shoulder, and you are landed, but not in safety; a yawning chasm at

your feet, in the rotten flooring of the gallery, warns you not to lose yourself in contemplation of the prospect.

The Khandjie, with a tiny brush, is raising a cloud of dust in the small cell close by,—he is making you comfortable in your room: the four walls and the floor of the apartment are of mud, there is an unglazed window, a fireplace, and no ceiling; through the black rafters overhead you catch glimpses of the starlit heavens, the storm having cleared. The Khandjie brings in a tattered mat, an earthen pitcher of water; a brasier of lighted charcoal is hoisted with considerable difficulty up the wall on to the platform outside your door, and you are left to your own resources. Now, if you are experienced in these matters, you will know what a nice table a small travelling-box makes, how comfortable a pile of cloaks is to sit upon, and how well an egg stands in a piece of bread scooped out. You have brought with you plates and cups in tin (light and not brittle), bread, and roast lamb or chicken from the last town, tea, sugar, and a spirit-lamp. The Khandjie will furnish you with coffee, and perhaps some milk; but if

he should offer to sell you a salad, ready dressed, avoid it: the lamp and the lettuce have an equal interest in the contents of the oil-can.

I found that a thin mattress spread on the earthen floor has at least the advantage of not being rickety, and I may have been asleep some hours when I woke with a start,—a cat rushing through the open window, which had neither glass nor shutter, had thrown down the cloak fastened against the opening, so that I remained uninterruptedly gazing out into the moonlight upon the old fountain, and the ruin on the hill above; swallows were flying in and out, building their nests, and quarrelling, and a large jackdaw, with his head on one side, gravely contemplated me from the railing of the gallery in front. The next day we thought ourselves happy in having met with no other interruption, when we learnt that it was considered very unsafe to stop at Pella: the neighbouring village is a nest of brigands.

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CHAPTER VI.

APPROACH TO YENIDJEH.—"KAIMAK CHALA'AN."—HEAD-DRESS OF WOMEN.—GROUP OF ALBANIAN CAVASSES.—LEAVE YENIDJEH.—WILD FLOWERS.—"SARAH'S BASKET."—MINARET CAPS.—ALBANIAN TRAVELLERS.—A THUNDERSTORM.—NO SHELTER.—BAD ROADS.—FERTILE COUNTRY.—VODENA.—STATE OF STREETS.—AT THE ARCHBISHOP'S.—THE SUPPER.—CASCADES.—ROMANTIC POSITION OF VODENA.—ADMIRABLE PANORAMA.—SCULPTURED COLUMNS IN OLD CHURCH.—THE KARA ASMAK, OR LYDIAS.—A STREET SCENE IN THE BAZA'ARS.—A PICNIC.—A LAMB ROASTED WHOLE.—"COQUERETTES."—MAGNIFICENT VIEW.—CURIOUS FORMATION OF MOUNTAIN.—LEAVE VODENA.—ANOTHER PICNIC AT VLADOVA.—THE REEDY LAKE.

At sunset we reached Yenidjeh. For the last few miles the country had become slightly undulating; clumps of trees began to appear, though few and far between, then a long line of thick foliage seemed to bound the plain on one side, at the foot

of a lofty mountain, until on a nearer approach, sparkling minarets and rounded domes, embosomed in trees, announced the Macedonian town.

The outline of the mountain which forms the background to this picture is remarkably noble and striking; it is the last spur of a high range descending from the north-east, known by the Turkish name Kaïmak Chala'an; round the base of it lay our road to Vodena on the morrow.

The people were standing in groups along the road, to watch our little procession, as it slowly threaded the lanes and streets towards the Greek quarter of the town, where a reception awaited us in the Bishop's house.

The women and children wear on the head skull-caps of embossed silver, like an inverted cup; a painted handkerchief rolled round the edge of it, and ornamented with coins in gold or silver; they often hang a large gold coin on the middle of the forehead. The entertainment at the Bishop's was most hospitable. The service of the house was entirely conducted by priests, or at least by men in the dress of the Greek Church: a long black robe with wide sleeves, and a black cloth brimless hat.

We were waited on, during a very elaborate supper, by two or three of these *caloyers.*

The next morning, during the interminable visits of the Mudir and other notables to Mr. C——, besides numerous persons who came mysteriously with their public and private grievances, sure of immediate redress from the agent of all-powerful England, I seized the opportunity of sketching a group of Cavasses and servants, who were lounging in the yard, waiting for their masters.

They were chiefly Albanians, and were sitting or lying on a large mat in the sunshine, displaying in their dress every variety of bright colour and material. In the front, a young man having slipped off his boots, is spread out at full length in a pink jacket, sky-blue sleeves, scarlet fez and sash, and a white fustanelle; near him is seated our driver, a Zingari, who wears a brown jacket, braided with black, sleeves hanging loose behind, displaying under-sleeves of rose-coloured cotton; an old handkerchief thrown over his head, Bedouin fashion, is fastened on with a string; he smokes a long pipe as he chats with a young Albanian, who wears a bright yellow waistcoat, pink cap and blue tassel; then come two

more Albanians, with their ample fustanelles spread upon the ground, their waists strapped in to the smallest possible limit, in lilac and scarlet jackets, richly braided with gold (with leggings to match), sleeves of blue and yellow silk, red caps, blue tassels, and glittering cartouch-boxes, of embossed silver, fastened to the belt of shawl behind, completed the rich and gaily-coloured group.

Again we are on our way. After leaving Yenidjeh, the scene continues to improve, growing greener, and very pleasant as you approach the limits of the plain. In the spring it is wonderfully rich in flowers: the poppy, corn-flowers, blue and lilac, wild camomile, the star-of-Bethlehem, anemones, harebells, pink bindweed, larkspur, and a multitude of bright blossoms enamel the ground; while sweet-scented clover, deep pink roses, hawthorn, yellow jessamine, broom, and others, in profusion, embalm the air with their fragrance; gradually, as trees and shrubs become more frequent, the rich masses of the Judas-tree, the delicate myrtle, and brilliant scarlet pomegranate, are the common ornaments of the roadside. In the more stony soil you meet with gentian and golden-rod.

A mile or two beyond the town, we halted under a group of magnificent elm-trees, while a message was sent to some fellow-travellers who had started earlier in the morning.

They had a little girl with them, who was packed in a basket, strapped to one side of a baggage-horse; a white calico hood, stretched on wooden laths, made quite a comfortable and shady little nest, but unhappily it had a tendency towards the ground, owing to a defective system of counterbalance. The child was a bright little creature, never frightened or disconcerted, although a mishap to "Sarah's basket" was a constantly recurring episode of the journey.

While stopping a moment at a roadside spring, some women came forward to look at us, wearing on their heads the strangest little steeples, like minarets in red cloth. They were practical people, and made their grotesque headdress useful, if not ornamental; one woman, who was sewing, used it as a pincushion. Her friend going to work in the fields, had drawn a pointed towering hood over the turret.

Winding on our way through the pleasant green

lanes, for which we had definitively exchanged the sandy plain, we overtook a party of Albanians travelling to Monastir. There were several men heavily armed; the master of the household riding in front had his large pistols, knives, and yataghan richly mounted in silver. I had a doubt in my mind at first whether the close company of such very warlike individuals was altogether agreeable; but the presence of two veiled women amongst them, seemed to indicate that they were nothing worse than peaceful travellers, like ourselves. We kept together on the road for a mile or two, but when, near the Durbend, they turned off to take a shorter cut, I certainly felt relieved.

The high cliffs of Vodena were just in sight as we were overtaken by a violent thunderstorm. I was glad to enter the carriage; the rain poured down in torrents, and a thunderbolt fell in a meadow close to the road. We hurried forward to seek shelter in an old Khan, where we found Saïd, a Cavass sent by the acting Consul of Monastir to join Mr. C——'s escort. There was no possible accommodation at the Khan after all, and inquiries were made about any Chiflik in the

neighbourhood. There was one not far off, but the Cavasses shook their heads. "Feña Adam" (bad people) settled the question; there was no remedy but to push forward.

The heavy rain had ploughed up the roads, sufficiently bad at all times, and full of large stones; the jolting in the carriage was fearful. Once we thought the straining frame of the crazy vehicle could not withstand the shock: it was an awful plunge, down a steep bank into a gully, and a violent struggle up the opposite side; but we came well through it, and as the daylight faded we entered the winding, bowery lanes leading through the richly cultivated land at the foot of the mountain of Vodena, which rises abruptly from the plain, seeming to close up the passage between the high ranges on either side.

We passed on now rather silently, keeping well together, for, notwithstanding the strongly-armed guard of Cavasses, we remembered with a sort of thrill that this part of the country has not a good reputation; indeed, until the energetic rule of Husny Pasha as governor of the province, it was always considered extremely dangerous. So, pick-

ing our way quietly and gravely along the stony, uneven remains of the old "Via Egnatia," we reached a firm, broad road winding through a perfect garden of the richest cultivation; through orchards, vineyards, fields of Indian-corn, and groves of mulberry-trees; here and there, stately poplars shooting up from the rounded clumps of walnut, chestnut, beech, and oak reminded us that we had taken leave of the cypress, and that in its stead the poplar would become more and more common as we approached the frontiers of Albania.

It was quite dark as we entered a deep cutting in the rock, the lights of Vodena twinkling like stars almost over our heads. The Archbishop's servants had come to meet us with large paper lanterns, and their white Albanian dresses flitting at intervals along the road, assisted considerably in pointing out the way.

We had arrived far too late to profit by the friendly intention of the inhabitants to give us a sort of triumphal entry. They had been out in considerable numbers to meet us some distance on the road, and, after waiting until evening, had

returned disappointed to their homes. However, cheered by the prospect of rest, and guided by the picturesque Albanians with their paper lanterns, we began a course of such plunging, stumbling, and struggling through the wretchedly-paved streets of the old capital of Macedonia, as I had never before imagined to be possible. The unsteady Cavass again came to the ground, as did one of our servants, both happily without injury. I was more fortunate; I gave up as hopeless, in the uncertain light, all attempt to guide my horse, and, with a firm hold of the bridle, concentrated my attention on the projecting roofs of the Baza'ar, which were so low, that great care was needed to avoid striking the head against the beams; but no further misadventure occurring, we reached at length the comfortable shelter of the Archbishop's Palace.

Our host waited at the foot of the stairs to welcome us; he is considered to be one of the most learned prelates of the Greek Church; in manner, he is remarkably easy, dignified, and courteous; the ample flowing violet robe, sign of his ecclesiastical rank, sets off his tall and stately figure to

the greatest advantage, while his strongly-marked, regular Grecian features, his long dark beard, and lustrous black eyes complete a very striking personal appearance.

I think he duly appreciated the importance of the occasion, and was most hospitably solicitous about the comfort and entertainment of her Majesty's Consul, for, after the usual compliments and coffee, he disappeared, and was soon perceived through a side window, anxiously directing a bevy of young priests, who were laying out the supper-table in the adjoining hall.

A very elaborate and excellent supper it proved to be; there was fish fresh from the rushing neighbouring streams; fowls, cooked in various ways; every variety of stewed and roast lamb; vegetables; an abundance of creamy milk with rice; and *yaourt*, the curdled milk so much eaten throughout the East; there were cool peaches from the archiepiscopal garden, and delicate grapes from the sunny slopes of the neighbouring mountains; wines of the country, and delicious bread. All these good things were very welcome to our tired and hungry party, but the greatest luxury of all was the de-

lightful sensation of freshness and repose in the lulling sound of falling water: cascades were rushing under our windows on every side; it was an exquisite relief after the heat and fatigue of our journey.

The room which was assigned to me was very large, with a long range of windows overhanging the edge of the cliff. My first thought on entering it was to endeavour to distinguish through the darkness something of the beauty of this far-famed prospect: in vain; twinkling lights near at hand, an unfathomable abyss beneath us, and the rush of unseen waters around left much to the imagination; but sleep soon put an end to all speculation on the subject.

I had heard the beauty of this place very much vaunted; every one in these parts, the least enthusiastic individual, the matter-of-fact trader, or very unimaginative Jew merchant warms into enthusiasm when he speaks of Vodena; yet I had scarcely expected the glorious panorama spread before me in the freshness of the morning. I have seen many lovely spots in many lands, and I think that this view from the Archbishop's Palace

is one of the most beautiful it has ever been my happiness to behold. Far below, masses of walnut-trees, chestnuts, and mulberry plantations, vine-yards, and fields of maize spread a rich carpet of such luxuriant vegetation that the eye seemed to bathe, as it were, in its freshness. Far and wide beyond lay the Plain of Yenidjeh, softened by a delicate blue haze, and in the extreme distance a thread of silver light, the Gulf of Salonica. To the right, relieved against the blue, lilac, and grey masses of the majestic Pindus, stood out a dark projecting cliff, half hidden in a tangled wilderness of wild vines and creepers, shrubs, and trees of every kind; the dashing water appearing at intervals, tumbling and leaping from the rock, until lost in the green maze below, its presence still betrayed by the denser tone of the foliage, or the rustic bridge in the bowery lane.

On the left-hand the fall of the cliff was less precipitous; on the summit an irregular collection of picturesque cottages, with richly-coloured dark-brown or red roof, and whitewashed, overhanging upper story,—linen fluttering in the breeze from the open balcony. A steep path cut in the cliff

descended like a staircase into the valley, enlivened occasionally by some lounging Albanian, whose brilliant scarlet jacket, white fustanelle, and long gun glittered in the sunlight; or the less attractive, but more industrious Greek or Bulgarian peasant bearing on his head, or pushing before him on a donkey, masses of green mulberry-leaves for the silkworms reared in the cottages above. The mountains, which on this side approach nearer, and have a softer slope, are covered some way up with woods and vineyards, villages and white country-houses, masses of plane-trees, fountains and "Kiefs."*

There are few apparent vestiges of antiquity in this ancient capital of Macedonia. The remains of a wall, said to be of Hellenic construction, still

* Speaking of Vodena, Colonel Leake says:—"Neither Sparta nor Larissa, although both combining sublimity and beauty of scenery in the highest degree, appears to me so striking as the rocks, cascades, and smiling valleys of Vodena, encased in lofty mountains which expand into an immense semicircle, and embrace the great plains at the head of the Thermaic Gulf. There cannot be a doubt that this is the site of Ægæ, or Edessa, the ancient capital of Macedonia, to which it was well adapted, by its lofty, salubrious, and strong position, at the entrance of a pass which was the most important in the kingdom, as leading from the maritime provinces into Upper Macedonia, and

exist in the foundations of a house on the brink of the cliff. There is besides a curious old Church attached to the Archbishop's Palace. The columns in it have richly-ornamented capitals; one of them beautifully sculptured with rams' heads and fore legs, another very finely cut with stags' heads and hoofs.

On a projecting ledge of rock overhanging the valley can be seen, half-hidden amongst the shrubs and blossoming pomegranates, what may have been the foundations of a small temple.

The name of Vodena appears to be derived from the Bulgarian word for water, "Voder;" and truly such an abundance of running water I have never met with in any other town, with the exception of

by another branch of the same pass into Lyncestis and Pelagonia. Such a situation would have been ill-exchanged for the marshes of Pella, had not the increasing power and civilization of the Macedonians rendered maritime communication of more importance to their capital than strength of position, while, in the winter, Pella had the recommendation of a much milder climate." (Leake's 'Northern Greece.')

"Ægæ was the residence of the dynasty which sprang from Perdiccas, and after the seat of government was transferred to Pella it continued to be the burial-place of the Macedonian Kings."

"Philip was assassinated at Edessa by Pausanias."

Broussa, in Asia Minor. It rushes headlong down the middle of all the streets, gushing out into fountains at every turn, and finally, tumbling over into the plain below in many a wild cascade, runs impetuously under each rustic bridge, until, with the name of the Kara Asmak (anciently the Lydias), it passes by Pella, trickles through the plain, and is either lost in the swamp, or reaches the Gulf of Salonica, an insignificant streamlet.

During the whole of the morning after our arrival at Vodena, it was difficult to do anything but rest in indolent enjoyment of the cool breezes, so refreshing after our fatiguing journey, and six weeks' experience of the excessive heat of Salonica. I made one or two faint attempts at sketching, but generally found myself on the long divan under the window, spell-bound by the delicious, full-toned music of the falling waters and dreamily gazing on the almost boundless prospect, wondering where that little path in the woods so far beneath could lead, or when that tiny woman on the top of the dark rock would finish laying out her ears of Indian-corn to dry in the sun.

Mr. C—— was detained for several hours by the

customary visits from the Mudir and other dignitaries, which visit it was necessary to return immediately afterwards, so that the afternoon was already advanced before we were requested to prepare for a picnic dinner, offered by the Archbishop, at a beautiful spot outside the town, much frequented for that purpose. A lamb was to be roasted whole on the ground, and there was great note of preparation.

On leaving the palace for our green banqueting-hall, we could not wonder at the plunges our horses had made in the darkness. I wondered indeed that we arrived safely at all; but horses, if left to choose their own way, can get over singularly bad roads.

We passed through the whole length of the Baza'ars, very picturesque, but not otherwise remarkable, except for a gigantic plane-tree, at a part where three streets meet. This magnificent tree, each of whose branches was the size of the trunk of a similar tree in England, overspread all the neighbouring houses. It served as a "Kief," or place of repose. A wooden bench had been fixed round the stem, coffee and narghilés were

brought from a little coffee-shop opposite, for the loungers who sat in its deep shade, and the sound of rippling water, so essential to an Eastern's due enjoyment of the berry and the weed, was not wanting; two or three streamlets, meeting at this point, formed quite a little torrent. A baker's shop standing in the background, with the baker himself stretched at full length on his open counter, fast asleep, completed this picture of true Turkish "Kief," the *dolce far niente* of the Italians, or what in England might be termed the perfection of idleness.

We observed in passing that the women of Vodena wore the same silver skull-cap as those of Yenidjeh; in decorating them with flowers, they endeavour to hang out the blossom at the end of the longest possible stalk,—a carnation serves admirably for this ungraceful embellishment.

Immediately outside the town, we crossed a stone bridge, and found ourselves in a delightful wood of planes and chestnuts, a clear rapid stream bounding one side of it, and a thick carpet of grass under our feet. It was here that our feast had been prepared, at the water's edge.

It was a very animated scene. Many parties were scattered over the velvet sward. "Caffédjies" were rushing about with pipes and coffee in tiny cups, or carrying a live coal with small tongs, serving the different groups seated on the grass; horses were being led up and down by their gaily-dressed "Saïs." Parties of native musicians delighted their native audience; grave Turks sat on their carpets in the shade, slowly smoking and gazing at us, while the water bubbled lazily in the glass bowls of their "narghilés," and bright little children tumbled about in all directions.

The Archbishop, and one or two members of his household, with a young Turkish officer just arrived from Monastir to welcome Mr. C——, were already on the ground, and were soon joined by the Mudir, a young man much disposed to make himself agreeable to the Frank ladies, had not our slight knowledge of Turkish, and his complete ignorance of any other language, made conversation impracticable.

Large mats had been spread upon the ground, with carpets and padded quilts upon them. We sat down, and our lamb, which had been slowly

turning on the spit under the trees at a little distance, was brought forward by two men, and then torn up into pieces. It proved excellent. The lamb stuffed and roasted whole, is a very common gala dish throughout Albania, and all this part of Turkey. The entrails are first taken out, twisted tight round long sticks, and slightly roasted,—these are called "coquerettes," and are esteemed by the natives a great delicacy. The lamb is stuffed with rice, raisins, pistachio nuts, and the little, white, delicate nut of the fir-apple, with some other savoury and spicy ingredients, contributing to give a very delicious flavour to the meat, when well roasted; it was so on this occasion. Many other dishes were handed about, amongst them one very like the French *gauffres*—light batter, dressed in moulds, and sugared.

We had been told of a fine view to be obtained from the slope of the mountain on the left, and hastened to avail ourselves of the last hour of daylight.

We mounted, and following a winding, narrow path, first across the chestnut grove, then along vineyards, orchards, and fields of maize, scarcely

able to force our way through the tangled mass of wild-flowers, clematis, creepers of all kinds, and hedges of pomegranate, we came out upon the hill-side, in front of a panorama which, by its sublimity and beauty, was quite overpowering; a scene before which admiration becomes mute, tears of thrilling happiness rise unbidden, and it is difficult to resist the impulse to kneel in grateful adoration of the beneficent Creator who has made our earthly home so fair and lovely. We were standing on the slope of the eastern mountain, a deep gorge at our feet,—trees, shrubs, flowers clothed the side of it with the wildest profusion; the scarlet pomegranate sparkled everywhere in the dark green masses; a brilliant Albanian, perched on a pinnacle of rock, heightened the effect of colour in the foreground. A winding path seemed to climb the face of the cliff, crowned by the Archbishop's Palace; foaming waters, leaping and bounding, plunged into the leafy wilderness below; then the eye sank to the softer fertile plain, rich in its mulberry groves and vineyards, or rose to the majestic snow-clad summit of Olympus, overtowering the giant range which bounds the view in front.

I have endeavoured to give at least some idea of the general features of this marvellous scene

On revisiting the spot, we discovered that the formation of the mountain, or rather the edge of the table-land of Vodena, is very remarkable; we descended the steep rock-path, and found to our astonishment that the whole mass, from the valley to the summit, was an immense accumulation of what I can only describe as sandstone stalactite. It looked as if the press of water, filtering for ages through a loose, sandy soil, had converted it into a wonderful formation of tubes of all sizes. I brought some specimens away with me.

We returned to the Palace by another road, and, never weary of this magnificent prospect, sat in the garden with our host, till night had hidden it from our view—to be stored thenceforward amongst the brightest of our "sunny memories" of travel.

On our departure the following morning, besides the officer from Monastir, who, of course, with his attendants joined the escort, we were accompanied by a party of the superior clergy, as far as the stone bridge; here the Mudir joined us, and our hospitable entertainers took leave. The Mudir

had prepared a picnic at a village, an hour's distance from Vodena, and escorted us thither.

The road leads first through avenues of splendid trees; about a mile and half from Vodena the roar of cascades again rises from the left, and if you turn off, soon after crossing a second stone bridge, and follow a small track for a few yards through the tangled brushwood, you will come suddenly upon the finest of the waterfalls. Regaining the road, you wind up the face of a steep hill to the edge of the table-land; here you must turn, and bid adieu to Vodena, the plain, and distant Salonica, for you will see them no more.

In an hour we reached Vladova, the first stage on the road to Monastir, and were again enjoying a lamb roasted whole, with sundry other good things, spread on the grass, under fragrant walnut-trees, beside a running brook, clear, and cool as ice. We were in no hurry, but sat some time resting in the pleasant shade, and sipping the tiny cup of black Turkish coffee which is invariably served after every repast, the gentlemen smoking narghilés, tchibouks, and cigarettes, according to taste.

Following the course of the Kara Asmak up-

wards by a well-made road, we passed, after a few miles, a large reedy lake, a reservoir of the river. It is so thickly overgrown with reeds and rushes, that you fancy it at first sight an immense field, and it is only on a nearer approach, by an occasional glitter in the waving green, the weirs set to check the fish as they are borne down with the stream, or a wading buffalo enjoying a bath, that you can discern its real nature. Higher up, being clear from vegetation, it assumes its proper appearance of a lake. The water of this reedy swamp is said to be very unwholesome, and the cause of much illness and fever at Vodena.

We had now entered the lake district of Western Turkey.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ROAD TO OSTROVO.—DURBENDS.—THE LAKE OF OSTROVO.—ORIGIN OF THE LAKE.—PRIMITIVE BOATS.—NIGHT ON THE MOUNTAINS.—REACH BANITZA.—A CHIFLIK.—BULGARIAN INDUSTRY AND ACTIVITY.—THE PLAIN OF MONASTIR.—ENTRANCE TO THE TOWN.—FINE VIEW.—THE BARRACKS.—THE "NIZAMIYÉ CAHVESI," AND MONASTERIOTE FASHION.—VALLAK MERCHANTS.—FEMALE POPULATION.—FILIGREE-WORK.—A VALLAK MARRIAGE.—ANCIENT CUSTOM.—THE GOLD VEIL.—FUNEREAL BRIDAL PROCESSION.—MARKET WOMEN.—THE DRESS OF A BULGARIKA.—SALE OF ENGLISH GOODS AT PERLEPÉ.—THE MURDERERS OF PERLEPÉ.—THE DOOM OF A RAYAH LAD.—INFAMOUS TRIAL.—HIS EXECUTION.

For many miles after leaving Vodena, the scenery was beautiful; the road lay through a narrow valley, winding round hills clothed to the summit with beech, oak, and chestnut. Every here and there a little cabin of boughs, perched on some eminence, served as a shelter for two or three armed Albanians, the rural police of the district. Their

principal stations, usually on the exact summit of a mountain-pass, are called "Durbends." They collect tolls, examine the "Bouyouroulde," firman, or passport; and, for a consideration, provide the tiny cup of black coffee which is never unwelcome to the traveller. Their picturesque little huts remind one very much of the cabins of charcoal-burners in France.

After a time, the waving boughs which had hitherto sheltered our progress, disappeared; the trees on the hillside dwindled to brushwood, and gradually, as we approached Ostrovo, the scenery became quite bare and stony.

Workmen were busy in some parts, placing the wires of the electric telegraph.

We reached Ostrovo, coming almost suddenly upon the beautiful lake, from a bend in the road. The Khan, where the traveller invariably rests for an hour or two, has a balcony commanding a magnificent prospect of the water, with the grand line of mountains on the opposite shore,—a noble picture.

A strange account is given by the inhabitants of Ostrovo of the origin of the lake; it rose, they say, from some concealed springs, about sixty years

ago, and has ever since continued gradually to increase. A ruined mosque, on the shore, near the Khan, bears testimony to the encroachment of the waters in that direction, although it is evident that they have retired considerably from the head of the valley, where a large tract of land is being now brought under cultivation. Halfway between Ostrovo and the opposite bank, a clump of trees surrounding a broken minaret, looking like an island, are the only remains of a once populous village.

Travellers never fail to ask for some of the fish for which this lake has a local reputation; the boats used by the people for catching it are in the style of the very first period of naval architecture, —they are a perfect facsimile of an old canoe, said to be antediluvian, which for years lay in the court of the British Museum.

Ostrovo, under its ancient name of Cellæ, was a station on the Egnatian Way, between Heraclea and Edessa.

The carriage sent by the Pasha of Monastir being in waiting, we set out again, round the head of the lake, which we skirted for a short time,

then, turning to the right, entered a lovely wooded pass in the mountains, continuing to ascend for some hours, until we reached the Durbend.

There are two ways to Monastir from this point, the shorter, but most difficult, by Gornichevo and Turbéli, the other by Banitza; we took the latter, and commenced a most wearisome descent towards the great Plain of Monastir. The way seemed interminable; night had overtaken us on the desolate mountains, and many a fantastic shadow thrown across the road, in the faint light of a young moon, by the crags which lay in wild confusion around, struck the imagination as a fitting lurking-place for some wandering Albanian, anxious to keep his long gun in training. In the daylight, I knew that Mr. C——'s official position was a perfect safeguard, but, says the French proverb, "La nuit, tous les chats sont gris," and a shot from behind a rock is not the less effective because fired by mistake. Altogether it is not very pleasant, in the stillness of night, to find oneself almost alone in these wilds, (two or three of our party had accidentally dropped behind,) and it was a relief when, after some hours, the deep voice of Bulgarian dogs announced

our approach to Banitza, sometimes called Vanitza, a long straggling Bulgarian village.

Accommodation had been provided in the house of the chief man, Selim Bey; it was a Chiflik, or farmhouse, and here we found Vely Agha, the head Cavass, in charge of the baggage, waiting our arrival.

They soon made us comfortable; the floor of the room was nicely matted, carpets and rugs were spread before the divan under the windows, and a wood fire on the broad stone hearth glowed cheerily in the dark oak panelling of the walls; a hawk with his bells, perched on a beam at the further end of the room, suggested our approach to Albania, where hawking is still much in vogue.

It was judged advisable to dispense with the cooking of the Bulgarian peasants in charge of the house; and as the servants were busy with the horses, without further delay we proceeded to help ourselves, and soon sat down to a cheerful supper, comprising, among other creature comforts, a memorable dish of eggs, and some salmon from the Lake of Ochrida, a rare delicacy.

We were to start at sunrise, and daybreak found

me looking out, from the windows of a droll little turret room, upon the novel Bulgarian world which we had entered in the darkness. It created a most striking impression on the mind, passing, as we had done in the gloom and silence of night, from surroundings of sloth, inactivity, and decay to the stirring enlivening scenes of energetic labour. On every side (the windows were all round), even at this early hour, was displayed wonderful activity and industry, bringing strongly to the mind an illustration of prosperity and abundance in Retzsch's "Song of the Bell." The village seemed full of threshing-floors, where the corn was being trodden out by oxen, and horses; men and women engaged in winnowing, or piling the straw into stacks; one old dame sat looking on, but not idle—she had her distaff, and was spinning energetically; other women passed along, spinning or knitting: the effect was magical, coming as we did from a country where the men are always lounging and smoking, and the women staring out of window. After this bright scene of healthy activity we did not wonder at the changed aspect of the country: good roads took us towards Monastir; the villages had a solid,

comfortable look, the land around was richly cultivated, and divided by neat hedges and wattle fences; we met good carts with bodies made of strong basket-work, and even down to the stout, well-to-do village dog, all bore the stamp of another and a more industrious race.

The great plain of Monastir, upon which we had now entered, is forty miles in length, and ten miles wide. It is hemmed in on three sides by mountains, and open towards the north, where it joins the plains of Uscup, reaching to the borders of Servia. Lying considerably above the level of the sea, the climate is colder than in the region of Salonica; the cypresses, so common there, are not found here; there are fewer plane-trees, and many poplars.

Several villages are sprinkled about, mostly at the foot of the high range of mountains on the west, and the land is scrupulously cultivated throughout its whole length, but the want of roads beyond the district makes exportation next to impossible.

While crossing several small streams on our way, we were struck by the metallic appearance of the sand,—probably only mica, but they told us at

Monastir that a river in this neighbourhood had gold dust, from which some one had been able to make a ring.

We had the prospect of a five hours' journey in the burning sun, with scarcely any trees near the road, so that we gladly rested for awhile, halfway, at a grassy spot on the banks of a little river, enjoying the view of a broad meadow in front, which presented a very pastoral assemblage of buffaloes, oxen, cows, calves, donkeys, turkeys, geese and their attendant children; with a large troop of horses and foals.

For a long time we had distinguished the sparkling minarets of a considerable town at the base of a high mountain, from which, following the direction of the telegraph wires, we concluded that we saw at length the end of our present journey. We were not mistaken; as we approached, signs of the neighbourhood of a large city became more apparent; some good carriages passed us on the road, soldiers' horses were picketed in the meadows, the sounds of military music came faintly on the ear, and at length a party of gentlemen riding to meet us, welcomed us to Monastir.

A very pretty winding avenue, bordered by charming meadows, leads to the entrance of the town; to the left, the slope of the nearer mountain begins almost immediately, dotted with villages, woods, orchards, and vineyards; above this green summit rises the bold crest of Mount Peristéri, veiled in snow during the greater part of the year, while a long range of blue and purple mountains at a great distance, limits the view on the right-hand.

Strangers are much struck, on their first arrival at Monastir, with the evidences of civilization which seem to burst out as it were on a sudden. Two immense barrack buildings, occupied by cavalry and infantry, reviews, parades, prancing Cossacks, and an admirable band of music, reminded us of the great importance of this military position, commanding the direct pass from Macedonia into Northern Albania. Long strings of camels and beasts laden with merchandise were constantly passing the windows of the British Consulate, carts and carriages rolled along, there was a bustle and an activity which looked more westerly, and gave the place a far

more civilized aspect in some respects than even Constantinople itself.

A very fine view of Monastir may be obtained from the Mussulman Cemetery above the Turkish quarter; the town stands embosomed in masses of rich foliage, enlivened here and there by tapering white minarets; a tall clock-tower about the centre is a prominent object. Immediately behind, the mountains rise with a majestic sweep, until the summit of Peristéri attains a height of 7500 feet above the level of the sea. It is supposed to be an extinct volcano, the crater now filled to the brim with water, which will one day, say the people, overflow and flood the plain.

The blue mountain-range which bounds the view in the opposite direction is remarkable for its wild bold outline: on one of those craggy pinnacles may still be seen the remains of the castle of the last King of Bulgaria.*

Monastir is a very rising place; it possesses now

* "Monastir was anciently called Heraclea Lyncestis, also Pelagonia, in Macedonia. . . . It was the capital of one of the four districts into which Macedonia was divided by the Romans." (Smith's Classical Dictionary.)

a central telegraph station, and is daily gaining in importance. The military barracks have been built within the last five-and-twenty years. When first fixed upon as the head-quarters of the army of Roumelia, it was a very small and comparatively insignificant town; the troops used to be quartered in the Khans and in private houses, an arrangement most vexatious to the inhabitants. They complained of it to the Porte, and in order to induce the Government to provide suitable accommodation for the soldiery, offered to assist in the erection of barracks. The Government took advantage of the proposal, and taking also the people of Monastir at their own word, they built one of the barracks by *corvée* (forced labour). The country round was swept for labourers (Christians), who were forced to work with little or no remuneration. There are many persons in a respectable position of life in Monastir who remember that in their younger days they were made to carry stones and mortar on their backs. The other barracks were erected at Government expense, but it is well known that whoever may have received payment, one poor contractor at

least has been left these fifteen years with an unsettled balance of 150,000 piastres, which he still claims, though with little prospect of ever getting it, the Turks being afflicted with a chronic deafness to all calls of a pecuniary character, particularly when the claimant has no one with a louder voice to speak for him.

Abdi Pasha has done much to improve the southern approach to the town. He erected a coffee-house at a quarter of an hour's distance, made a road, and planted a row of trees on either side of it, the avenue by which we had entered. Like most things in Turkey, however, these public works are of limited durability. The coffee-house was pulled down and another erected in its stead, and the trees are only willows, many of which have rotted for want of care; a wooden bridge also over the road is constantly getting bad holes in it, there being no fund to keep things in order, and it being no one's business to look after them. Whatever repairs are done, it must be by the miraculous aid of some charitable individual.

The "Nizamiyé Cahvesi," the coffee-house at the entrance of the avenue, is the Longchamps

of Monastir, where Turks, Jews, and Christians go to drink raki, and play backgammon, or, it may be, a game at billiards. On Sundays and holidays, the female *élite* of the town are to be seen seated on chairs in a row, expecting their toilettes to be admired. The all-invading crinoline, despite the want of steam or rail, has managed to force its way even through the wilds of Macedonia, borne probably on some camel's back, and displays itself with all its natural effrontery, but without the subduing accompaniment of refined society. Within the last ten or twelve years many of the rich Wallachian and Greek ladies have adopted the "Frank" costume, though not altogether our habits and manners; for instance, it is very customary to sit a horse astride like a man, and the effect, when combined with a round hat with lace fall, and a large crinoline (as I once saw it), is ludicrous in the extreme.

Among the Christian population of Monastir the Vallaks (or Wallachians of the Pindus, as they are sometimes called, to distinguish them from the natives of the principality of Wallachia) rank the highest for commercial enterprise, industry, and

intelligence. They assert that they are descended from the Roman legions formerly in possession of these parts, and that their language contains a large proportion of ancient Latin.

All the chief merchants are Vallaks; they have hard-sounding names, such as, Nikarouski, Nitziotas, Meïmoukas, Pappa Dimitris, Economo Brothers, etc., all of whom have in turn resided at Vienna during a number of years, and speak German fluently. On their return, however, they import but little of European civilization, and to see them at home at Monastir one would never think they had been out of their native country. Even the families who are the best off in the world live cheaply and coarsely. A Monasteriote who has spent half his life amidst the civilization of the Austrian capital will return to his mess of beans, onions, and garlic, stewed in sheep's butter, and flavoured with cinnamon and red pepper, with as great a relish and an appetite as unswerving as if he had never tasted anything better.

The Bulgarians have but few commercial establishments. The only man among them who has attained wealth is a certain Demeter Rader (better

known as "Dimko"), but he is illiterate, and has only learnt to sign his name. Dimko made a great deal of money by the "Iltigams," or government revenue farms, much more by taking government contracts for the army, and not a little by money-lending and usury. Dimko has of late been going downhill, and is now largely in debt.

The Christian Albanians are also a thriving community, but there are only two or three of their merchants at Monastir.

In all the above denominations of Christian races the females are uneducated, and treated more like servants in the house than as companions for the men, "whose manners require softening." The women manufacture very pretty carpets for household use. They buy the fleece off the sheep's back, wash, card, and spin it into thread; this they dye, and weave into patterns in narrow strips, which are afterwards neatly joined by hand. The women of the family also do all the menial work and cook. Until late years there used to be no kitchens in the houses of the Christians of Monastir. A mess was prepared in a "sereniyyé," or circular baking-dish, and sent to the public oven.

In fact, to the present day, the public ovens are greatly used by way of economizing culinary expenses. Latterly, but in the new houses only, kitchens have been built.

They have here a peculiar method of adjusting the matting of the floors of the houses by plaiting it on the spot: two or three men sit on the ground, working on in rows, till the whole is covered.

Monastir also, in common with many towns of Albania, is celebrated for its filigree-work in silver and gold. They make zarfs for coffee cups, the backs of round hand-mirrors, dagger and knife-handles, cigarette-holders, etc. The enormous clasps and other ornaments in base silver worn by the Bulgarian women are also an important work of manufacture; they are sold in a different part of the baza'ars, or in some shops on one of the bridges crossing the Drachor, for several of these bridges are in appearance merely a continuation of the street. One of them, at the entrance of the market-place, was in such a frightful state of decay that it was with difficulty I could step across the yawning abyss; but so accustomed are they in

this country to the utter want of attention to public safety and comfort, that people were passing over with heavy loads, balancing themselves on the insecure beam as if it were quite a natural inconvenience. No one complains, until one day some great man may find it an annoyance, and then probably the whole bridge will be swept away without further ceremony.

I had an opportunity of being present at the festivities of a marriage in the family of a rich Vallak merchant. A curious custom is still kept up, which must be a remnant of some ancient rite intended to propitiate the Nereïdes; three days before the marriage the bride elect is conducted by her friends, accompanied with music, to visit three fountains, and drink of their waters. This ceremony takes place at ten o'clock at night.

On the day previous to the marriage the friends assemble at the house of the bride. We were among the guests, sitting round the rooms while sweetmeats and syrups were handed about. One is soon weary of this, and we answered willingly to an invitation to pass into another apartment to look at the bride, as one would examine a picture

or a waxwork. There she stood, in front of one corner of the divan, like a statue, neither speaking nor moving, with her hands folded before her, patiently enduring the scrutiny of the visitors, who crowded into the room in turn. She was neither pretty nor very young; her dress, of dark-coloured silk, of an old-fashioned French make, had no appearance of bridal costume about it, but was enlivened by a beautiful veil of gold threads falling from the crown of her head nearly to her feet. This veil is worn, I believe, by all Eastern brides.

When we had sufficiently admired the golden veil, and wondered at the oranges placed in rows over the woodwork of the doors and windows, in fact, wherever there was a little ledge on the wall, we retired, to make room for fresh visitors. A barbaric kind of music was going on all the while somewhere on the premises.

It was quite late before it was announced that the bridegroom had arrived with his friends to fetch his betrothed to her new home. We descended to the court in front of the principal entrance; here we found the happy man and his relatives, with another band of discordant musicians

escorted by a crowd of people bearing ornamented paper lanterns. Just within the entrance-hall the two mothers embraced, and partook together of wine and refreshment. After awhile there was a movement among the crowd; every one leaned forward in expectation; suddenly the musicians burst into song; the bride had crossed the threshold, wearing over her face a red veil in addition to the golden threads. Slowly, very slowly, she descended the steps, supported by two men (of whom the bridegroom was one), apparently overwhelmed with sorrow, it being considered propriety for a young girl to show the utmost reluctance to quit her parent's roof.

Again the strains became slower and dirge-like, —the whole thing was quite funereal; step by step the friends, the paper lanterns, and the melancholy music accompanied this solemn procession, till it reached the threshold of the husband elect, when his mother advancing, spoke a few words of welcome to the mournful fair one, kissed her, and put into her hands two small lighted candles. A white sheet had been spread on the doorway for her to cross, and a large flat cake was

brought forward with a saucer containing sugar. The mother held the cake a moment on the bride's head (as symbolical of abundance), giving her at the same time a little of the sugar; after which she was allowed to proceed slowly upstairs, still holding the lighted candles. On entering the bridal chamber she makes a cross on the wall with honey, to ensure sweetness of temper, and knocks her head against it three times; I could not learn the reason of this,—perhaps to test her powers of endurance in future possible contingencies. The bride remained in her new home all night, vigilantly guarded by two old women: the marriage ceremony was not to take place until the following day, when the same concourse of people would meet again in the husband's house, sit round the rooms, take sweetmeats and coffee, and discuss all over again the cost of the *trousseau*, and the value of the bride's diamonds. We did not go there on that occasion, so that I am unable to describe what the final ceremony may be.

Monday is the market-day at Monastir; it is held in and about the spacious baza'ars, which at all times are crowded, and exceedingly well stocked.

Hanhart, lith.

BULGARIAN WOMEN IN THE BAZAARS OF MONASTIR.

Women from the neighbouring villages bring their goods for sale in two large goat's-hair sacks, hung before and behind, with a strap over the shoulder, so as to leave the hands free for spinning or knitting, which they do most industriously as they walk along; the sack is handy also for carrying a baby or two when necessary.

The dress of the Bulgarian women is strong, and handsome in material, though its form is frightfully clumsy; it consists of a long under-garment of white woollen, or thick cotton, deeply embroidered round the bottom with a marking-stitch kind of pattern in red and black: it has wide, open sleeves, worked in the same manner, round the border and up the back. They wear a petticoat over this, rather shorter, with a similar ornament, and bind round the waist a monstrous girdle of goat's-hair rope, fully half a yard wide, and so voluminous as to take the place of ample pockets; a large apron of red and black stuff, like carpeting, is put over this band, so that a Bulgarian woman's waist is infinitely the thickest part of her figure. An innumerable collection of little horsehair tails, falling to the feet behind, must have been origi-

nally invented to represent plaited hair; a pelisse of thick dark cloth without sleeves, completes this costume.

The women from Vlacho-Cleisura have a turban of white stuff embroidered like the rest of the dress; one end is wound round the head, the other falling behind nearly to the feet.

These Bulgarian dresses cannot be purchased in the baza'ars; young girls embroider them in preparation for their marriage, and being exceedingly strong and durable, they become heirlooms.

The Turkish women of Monastir wear, of course, the "yashmak," the white veil with which no Moslem woman can dispense; their black stuff outer cloak has not the long cape in use at Constantinople, but is made very much like the coat of a Hamburg Jew.

The Jewesses of this place adorn their heads with an immense complicated kind of turban. They may be frequently seen sitting just within their doorway, very busy making gold and silver lace with bobbins, on a cushion.

Certainly, one of the greatest enjoyments of Eastern travel, is the constant delight afforded to the eye by every variety of rich and beautiful colouring, picturesque costumes, and "effective" groups.

At the time of our arrival at Monastir, all the trading part of the population was absent at a great annual fair, held at Perlepé, on the opposite side of the plain. £15,000 worth of English goods was sold there on that occasion. English calico is in great request for the voluminous Albanian fustanelle, and wherever in our wanderings we happened to meet with a plate, it was sure to exhibit the familiar blue willow-pattern.

It was at this same town of Perlepé that one of the most daring, as well as atrocious of the crimes which take place with such impunity throughout the country, had been committed a few weeks previously.

A young Bulgarian, named Talle, the son of the widow Melissa Tosco, took to evil ways, and was more than once in prison for his delinquencies. It was shortly after his release from the last incarceration, that one Sunday afternoon he was sitting

near a fountain on a green where the Christians are in the habit of congregating on days of festival. Four young Turks, none of them above twenty-five years of age, made their way through the throng, until they stood in front of Talle, then, without a word of warning, they each drew a pistol, and simultaneously discharged the contents into his body. He expired on the instant. The four assassins then retreated with great deliberation through the affrighted spectators, none of whom made the slightest effort to stop them, and disappeared.

Great was the commotion among the Christians, to whom the victim was well known. A regiment of dragoons (one of the two Christian regiments in the service of the Sultan) was quartered at the time at Perlepé. The Major in command repaired to the Mudir's residence, but not finding him there, as he had gone to Monastir some days previously, he addressed himself to the acting Governor, and offered to send a detachment of his troopers in pursuit of the assassins ere they could get out of reach. The acting Mudir declined his offer, because the Major required his written authority

before dispatching any of his men on such an errand, and said that the local Zaptiés would see to the capture of the malefactors. The four men were all well known, being inhabitants of Perlepé, and yet the police were so tardy in going in pursuit, and the Turkish authorities so lukewarm in the matter, that not one of the four has fallen into the hands of justice.

The Christians throughout the country were greatly exasperated, as well at the wanton murder, as at the disgraceful indifference shown by the authorities, and at the time of the funeral Perlepé was in a state of great excitement. The body was paraded through the Christian quarter decked with flowers, the women following it with piteous wailing and loud lamentations.

No doubt the unhappy victim was worthless enough,—an insult to the sister of one of the murderers was said to be the cause of provocation; but nothing can excuse the fearful carelessness of human life displayed by those who are supposed to be the guardians of the public safety, when the sufferers are Rayahs (Christian subjects of the Porte); in cases where the Mussulman is a victim,

their sense of retribution is unsparing. A Christian youth had interfered to prevent an Albanian Mussulman boy, and two others, Turks, from molesting a friend of his own. They turned upon him, and one of them gave the Christian two severe wounds in the arm, for which he was several months under the surgeon's care. In the heat of the quarrel he drew his knife, *with* the sheath, and struck at his assailant in self-defence; the point, however, of the knife protruded, and inflicted a small, but fatal wound.

The parents of the victim sought their remedy in the Criminal Court, and after a tedious trial, distinguished by its numerous illegalities, and by the evidence of two Turks, who were *not* present but who nevertheless swore as eye-witnesses, a conviction was found against the unfortunate lad.

In due course of time the Sultan's warrant for his execution was received, but Abdul Kerim Pasha hesitated about carrying it out, as a new trial had been demanded by the Christians.

The Grand Vizier (not the enlightened Fuad, but a predecessor in office) arrived on a tour of inspection through the provinces, and the fate of

the youth was decided. The relations of the victim demanded his blood, and the Grand Vizier gave his orders to have the warrant of decapitation carried into effect, since they had refused to compound the blood for money.

The evening this decision was known, some indiscreet and hot-headed young Christians got up a protest against the execution, and prevailed on some one to throw it into the Grand Vizier's carriage as he was returning from a drive. The whole town was in a state of excitement. The Grand Vizier seized all the books and papers of the Greek Casino, and shut it up. He then had some six or eight of its prominent members arrested, and sent off to Constantinople, where one of them, a merchant of Monastir, died in prison, and others were sent to expiate their offence (too much patriotism and fellow-feeling) in exile in Asia Minor.

The poor lad's head was cut off, just under the windows of the Government palace, and the Grand Vizier set out on his return to Constantinople a few minutes afterwards.

The most melancholy part of the story is that the youth's father, whose mind had been kept pain-

fully balancing during many months between hope and fear, and hearing that his son's doom was sealed, fell down dead, in a fit of apoplexy, the day before the execution.

The conclusion of this tragedy took place a few days after I had left Monastir.

These stories require no comment; they illustrate the method of administering justice in the provinces of the Ottoman Empire.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MONASTERY OF BUKOWA.—BULGARIAN PEASANTRY.—A VILLAGE BRIDAL DRESS.—PICTURESQUE BEAUTY OF MONASTIR.—STEADY COWS.—KHALIL BEY.—CHRISTIANS IN THE TURKISH SERVICE.—AN ALBANIAN BROTHER.—GHEGUE LAW AND TURKISH CUSTOM.—THE MINERAL SPRING OF "EKSHI SOU."

About an hour's distance from Monastir, on the slope of the nearer mountain, and in the midst of a wood of beech and oak, we came one day upon the picturesque rambling old monastery of Bukowa. We dismounted under the delightful shade of the spreading trees, and one of the three reverend monks composing the community brought us glasses of fresh milk as we rested on the soft grass after our toilsome ascent.

The building is very large, and the rooms, if not luxurious, are delightfully cool, commanding an

almost boundless prospect. It is a favourite summer refuge from the oppressive heat of the town below. The poor monks are glad to increase their scanty revenue by letting the chambers, for a trifling charge, to the respectable families of Monastir, but the advantages of their position bring them also most unwelcome visits from the neighbouring barracks. The Turkish soldiers often instal themselves at Bukowa without ceremony, forcing the monks to provide them with food for as long as suits their pleasure, and, instead of payment, treat them with the utmost insolence and barbarity, all of which they must endure, as, fearful of making bad worse, the miserable Rayah dare offer no resistance.

Descending from this lovely retreat, we stopped at the little village below to rest at the house of the priest; and while sitting in the large open balcony of the cottage I was able to take a slight sketch of Bulgarian peasantry. The priest's aged mother seemed quite to enjoy the process; she was a cheery old body, and informed me that her name was Caterina Mousouloski; that she was ninety years of age, and that for seven generations

the family had held the office of priest in the village. She stood very still, with her hands crossed in front on her goat's-hair girdle, only lamenting that she had not on her holiday attire; and was so much delighted with the result, that she kissed me most affectionately at parting.

The Primate of the village was there also; he rejoiced in a large turban, fresh and new, made of what is sold in London as Turkish towelling. Other people came and went, but the most marvellous apparition was a young girl in the dress of a village bride; when, after great difficulty and much persuasion from the Cavass, Saïd, she at length stood before me, I was perfectly dazzled with the blazing vision.

She reminded me precisely of an Otaheite idol. The deep embroidery of her petticoats and sleeves was red, her apron was red, and her socks the same colour; her waist, or rather what should have been her waist, was adorned with an immense double clasp, like four cheese-plates, in wrought metal; on her head was a crown of coins strung close together, rising in a thick mass more than half a foot high, and broad in proportion, with

long festoons of the same falling to the bosom. This hideous diadem, which was stuck about with little red feathers and bunches of faded artificial flowers, was the property of the village, lent or hired out for the bridal ceremony. Nothing can express the wonderful clumsiness of the whole figure.

The custom of wearing coins about the person has, doubtless, originated in the insecurity of property. People in this manner carry their wealth always with them. They begin thus to ornament their daughters' heads when very young, adding a coin from time to time as their circumstances will permit. This goes towards their marriage portion, and has the additional advantage of clearly pointing out their exact worth.

I passed a month at Monastir on this occasion, being, my friends assured me, the first lady tourist who had visited the place.

I was delighted with the picturesque beauties which meet the eye at every turn, whether you watch the clouds rolling round the snowy peak of Peristéri, or the setting sun painting with faint tints of blue, lilac, and rose-colour the mountains above

Hanhart. lith.

BRIDGE OVER THE DRACHOR, MONASTIR.

Perlepé on the opposite side of the plain. By the railing of one of the little bridges in the Turkish quarter you may watch the Drachor rushing wildly over its rough bed in the midst of palaces, gardens, and kiosks; or, pausing to look upwards as you thread the dark irregular street in the local St. Giles's, stand bewildered with the amazing richness of artistic beauty those crumbling tenements and projecting upper stories offer to the enterprising sketcher who has sufficient coolness to draw surrounded by a crowd. I have not that talent, and could accomplish very little in consequence.

Sometimes, as the declining sun lengthened the shadows of the mountain across the meadows, I used to watch the cows of Monastir returning in solemn procession, and quite unaccompanied, to their several homes. Of their own accord, as evening draws on, they collect from their different grazing-places about the large common before the barracks, and, entering the town in a herd, go each to her own gate, where, if it happens to be closed, she knocks with her horns for admittance.

Occasionally the barbaric music of a Turkish marriage party would draw me to the window;

the musicians with drum, tambourine, and violin, mounted on horses, led the procession; behind came the arabas, drawn by horses, oxen, or buffaloes, but always, for this festive occasion, having a piece of scarlet stuff spread on the roof. Sometimes a crimson-coated Ghegue would ride by, prepared for hawking, his hooded bird on his wrist, and the beautiful greyhounds bounding in advance.

Strange histories one hears and strange waifs and strays one meets in these remote parts!

Amongst the numerous visitors to the Consulate was a certain Khalil Bey, a white-haired old Turkish officer speaking French remarkably well. I inquired his history, and found that he was a renegade, a Frenchman by birth. In his youth he had been an officer in Napoleon's army when it entered Egypt, but being unfortunately engaged in a duel, which terminated fatally for his antagonist, he took to flight, and found an asylum in the Hedjâz (the sacred band of Moslems). He became a Mahometan, and entered the Sultan's army, in which he continued to serve for many years, and was for some time French secretary and interpreter to Emir Pasha, Governor-General of

Damascus, and Commander-in-chief of the army of Arabistan. He is now raised to the rank of Colonel, with the sinecure appointment of "Chef d'État-Major" of the army of Roumelia. His present wife is a Transylvanian by birth. She was the wife of an Italian, or Greek, who after great ill-treatment, deserted her, and Khalil Bey took her under his own protection by marrying her, but he did not require her to profess Mahometanism.

I think the poor old gentleman, on the verge of the grave, would fain have returned to the faith which he had outwardly abandoned, but had not the moral courage necessary to venture on expressing such a wish openly.

There are, as might be expected, many renegades in the Turkish service. Great consideration is shown them in appearance, and every inducement held out in the way of promotion and honours, to tempt others to follow their example; but they never succeed in earning the respect of the genuine Moslems, who secretly but heartily despise those who have renounced their faith for the sake of worldly gain; even the celebrated Omar Pasha

is very slightingly mentioned in the interior of Turkish homes.

Sadyk Pasha, the Commander of the Christian Cossack regiment stationed at Monastir at the time of my visit, is a renegade, but the officers are all, or nearly all, Christians, Polish and Hungarian exiles, men of great refinement and education. There is one Englishman amongst them; a man of good family who had thought fit to enter the service as a private soldier, and had then only attained to the epaulette of Lieutenant, but he is one of whom his fellow-countrymen may well be proud: by his high personal character, and manly bearing, he has commanded the respect of all, and it is to him that the superior officers invariably entrust any mission for which unflinching courage and integrity are indispensable.

The intense longing for home and country which sometimes seizes these poor exiles is very touching: I shall never forget the almost frantic joy with which one officer, a German, announced that he had at length received his discharge, and should leave immediately, to return once more to the home and friends of his youth. He had been for

many years in the Turkish army, and, I think, he had even for a time professed himself a Mahometan, but he was now at any rate returning to Christianity and to civilization like a "bird escaping out of the snare of the fowler;" his happiness seemed almost too great to be borne.

Before my departure from Monastir, a trial in the Court of Justice came to my knowledge; it is interesting with regard to Albanian manners and customs. Some mountaineers from Tyranna, of the Ghegue tribe, were brought up chained, upon an accusation of murder; they were described as excessively wild, picturesque-looking men; not speaking a word of Turkish, they had an interpreter, and were altogether a large party. The story was this: a young man of the tribe, seventeen years old, had thought fit to betroth his sister to an individual after his own taste, but not, as it appeared, suiting the fancy of the young lady herself. She had her own opinions on the subject, and being determined to please herself, went off with the object of her choice, and married him. The

vengeance of her brother was summary; his sister had caused him to break his faith with his friend, and such an affront was beyond pardon. He followed the newly married pair, overtook them, and immediately stabbed, first the husband, then the wife! his own sister! Wonderful to tell, such an enormity is strictly legal according to Ghegue law. I did not learn the result of the trial in the Turkish Court. As all the parties were poor, perhaps a strong clear sense of justice was displayed.

Another trial was pending also, which originated in a Turk having carried off a Christian girl. The parents, in great grief, declared that they were not permitted even to see their daughter, who was forced, they said, to assert that she desired to become a Mahometan, and to remain in the Ha'arem; but it was suspected that the whole proceeding was with the consent and connivance of the girl herself, who perhaps preferred the comparative luxury of the Turk's house to the poverty of her parents' hut. I heard on good authority that it is a privilege established by custom in these parts, that a Turk who carries off and marries a Christian woman, becomes in consequence free from the conscription.

Every day some fresh tale of wrong and violence was related as occurring in the surrounding country, most often outrages of the Turks against the oppressed Rayah population; but these stories were so distorted by bribery, false evidence, extorted signatures, and corruption of every kind, that it was difficult to know what to trust, although the disorganized state of the police arrangements in the Provinces is beyond a doubt. It is well known that Fettah Gioka, an Albanian, from Debra, is the captain of a large band of brigands, which has infested the northern districts of the Pashalick of Monastir. The efforts to capture or to disperse these troublesome visitors, who are the terror of the poor villagers, have been so feeble, that the current idea in the country is that their immunity is due to the regular transmission, to certain quarters, of a share of the booty.

The Christian communities also, especially the Greeks, are by no means blameless,—they keep up a perpetual ferment of small conspiracies. There was but one British subject at that time, an Ionian, Yani, but this man was in himself a legion, with regard to the constant trouble and annoyance he

caused. He was for ever intriguing, plotting, and getting into hot water, then throwing himself frantically on the protection of the British flag.

On the day before leaving Monastir, I rode out to visit a mineral spring called Ekshé Sou (the Bitter Waters), quite lately discovered, at about half an hour's distance from the town. The source bubbled up in three different degrees of strength close together. The taste was very agreeable and refreshing, quite like Seltzer water. The medical authorities of the place are divided as to its properties and value. I wished to bring some of the water away with me for the examination of a scientific friend at Constantinople, but found that it would prove too troublesome.

I began my homeward journey under the kind care of the Austrian Consul of Salonica, and his party. The excellent old gentleman looked at first very grave at the idea of undertaking the charge of a lady. He prognosticated that I should be over-fatigued, should travel too slowly, should keep him waiting in the morning, and sundry other

hindrances to his progress; all which objections I proved to be groundless, although terribly fatigued I certainly was, especially with the last stage from Yenidjeh, which began at three o'clock in the morning, brought us across the worst part of the Vardar Plain, under a meridian sun, assisted by a strong sickening south wind; and never shall I forget the deep thankfulness with which I found myself at length at rest, in a cool shady room, on a clean bed, under snowy mosquito curtains, in the house of the hospitable friends who welcomed me back to Salonica.

CHAPTER IX.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY AT MONASTIR.—A DAMP PICNIC.—GREEK ORATORY.—"FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE" AT BRUSNIK.—ALBANIAN SUPERSTITION, DIVINATION BY THE BLADE-BONE OF THE LAMB.—START FOR ALBANIA.—FINE MOUNTAIN SCENERY.—BAD ROADS.—ARRIVE AT YANKOVETZ.—HOW TO GO "DOGHROU."—AN EMPTY MONASTERY.—THE HOUSE OF THE "TCHORBADJY."—VILLAGE CURIOSITY.—A PEACEFUL SCENE.—THE MURDER.—KERIM, THE ZAPTIÉ AND YOUNG STAVRI KOTTI.—INDIFFERENCE OF THE MUDIR.—IMPUNITY OF THE ASSASSIN.—THE WAIL FOR THE DEAD.—RURAL GLADES, AND THRIVING CHRISTIAN VILLAGE.—THE BAR AND MALLET.—PRETTY CHILDREN.—ASCENT OF THE PINDUS.—FOREST SCENERY.—A HALT.—PETRINA.—FIRST SIGHT OF LAKE LYCHNITIS.—OCHRIDA.

In 1861, I was again with our kind friends in Monastir. It was in the fresh blossoming time of early summer; the plain of the Vardar had put on a thin robe of green, and the bowery lanes of Vodena shed, as we brushed by, a perfumed shower

of roses, honeysuckle, clematis, and yellow jessamine.

We arrived in time for the Queen's birthday, in honour of which an entertainment was to be given by the English Consul, at a lovely spot, near the Monastery of Christoforo, on the mountain-side. Great preparations were made: an immense tent was sent to the ground; but alas! when the day arrived, the sky had put on a forbidding frown; we persevered, however, and an attempt was made to fix the tent, but it served only to shelter our dripping party, who sat down disconsolately on the piles of cushions, hoping for the clouds to break; but the longer we waited, the more steadily came the rain,—it began to penetrate the canvas, we crowded together in the centre, then the water was discovered to be fast trickling round our feet, so we gave up this desperate attempt to ruralize, and fairly ran for shelter to the neighbouring monastery.

Here we found some of the guests, while others were every moment arriving, dripping, but not at all discomfited: people had bravely determined to put a good face on the matter, and enjoy the

good things so liberally provided, within four walls, since they could not be spread under the canopy of heaven. The party included all the *élite* of Monastriote society,—the various consuls, with their principal dragomen, several officers of the Christian regiments, Cossacks and dragoons, then quartered in the barracks; two or three Turks, and some other persons.

The dinner was very cheerful; the damp of the atmosphere had not succeeded in quenching the spirits of the party, and toasts were drunk with enthusiasm. One Greek gentleman, a particularly quiet, unobtrusive man in general, burst into oratory over his champagne, and poured forth in the full tones of a most beautiful voice, such rich, rolling sentences of pure Athenian, in praise of England and the English alliance, that, although I did not understand one word, the thrilling effect of those noble accents will not be soon forgotten. The deep sounds, the wonderfully fine undulations of tone, brought back all the tales of the marvellous power of the old-world Grecian eloquence.

Another picnic was organized a week later by the Consular body. This time the day proved

lovely; we reached Brusnik on foot, gathering on our way through the fields whole armfuls of the richest honeysuckle. The tent was pitched in a wooded glen, commanding a beautiful view of Monastir and the distant mountains capped with snow. A little brook from a dashing waterfall close by rushed noisily past; fires were lighted on the bank, and two lambs were being slowly turned on their spit by the attendant Albanians, under the vigilant superintendence of the Austrian Vice-Consul, who was experienced in such matters.

I sat some time on the hillside overlooking the scene. A band of native musicians, stationed near the large tent, were endeavouring to entertain the company with Bulgarian, Slavonic, and Turkish airs; horses were picketed about on the edge of the wood, and the whole was enlivened by the glittering uniforms of the Cossack officers, who came rather late, dashing along a narrow path on the slope of the mountain.

During dinner an attempt was made at divination by the blade-bone of a lamb, according to an Albanian superstition. They hold the bone up against the light, and pretend to foretell events by

the troubled or transparent appearance of its texture. On this occasion they informed us that a monarch was soon to die: this is of course a tolerably safe prediction, as it may apply to any part of the world; but the credulous remembered it when, soon afterwards, we learned the almost sudden death of Abdul Medjid. Speaking of superstitions reminds me that on the previous New Year's Day a Polish Cossack soldier came to pay his respects at the Consulate, and sprinkled Mrs. C—— with barley, for good luck.

We had been for some time past making preparations for an excursion to Albania. An excellent canteen was prepared with everything as much as possible in tin, for lightness. I resumed the large veil of muslin which I had already found so useful, passing it over the head and shoulders, and across the chin. Mattrasses, bedding, some cooking utensils and saddle-bags were stowed away on the baggage horses, and one bright morning we started in high spirits.

The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. C——, my

Brother, a gentleman who accompanied us on business, and myself, besides two English servants, two or three Cavasses, a Greek, a negro groom, and the Surridjies in charge of the horses.

We followed the valley to the westward, which winds round the base of Peristéri, admiring, as we passed, the picturesque villagers clambering up the mountain-side, and the cluster of green military tents dotting the meadows, with the cavalry horses picketed around them. It was the season when all the horses are sent out to grass for a few weeks, so that no friends were able to ride out to escort us on our way, according to the usual custom.

The road was very bad in parts, owing to the streams of water which, draining from the mountains, flooded it in many places and concealed large holes filled with mud. The servant lad, who was perched on the top of a pile of bedding, got into one of these holes with his horse, and was nearly overset,—a catastrophe which would not have improved our comfort at night; but he floundered through the bog, and reaching a higher and drier roadway, we began a toilsome ascent of a spur of Mount Peristéri. A splendid panorama rewarded

our labour as we continued to climb upwards, and we lingered continually to admire the tossing granite peaks around, the rich plain spread out like a map at our feet, and the distant snowy outline bounding the horizon beyond Monastir.

We reached the Durbend at sunset, and could faintly distinguish Resna, Yankovetz, and other villages in the broad valley on the western side of the pass. The descent was steep, narrow, and full of rolling stones; and as it gradually became dark we entered a wood, taking from a guard-house on the road two armed Albanians, as additional temporary escort. They looked very picturesque, riding side by side in front of our cavalcade, each with his long gun in the right hand, and finger on the trigger, ready for instant use. We were advised to keep carefully together behind the guard, a Cavass also bringing up the rear. In this order we entered Resna; here the rural police left us.

On our way through the village the dogs in all the courtyards burst into a furious chorus of defiance, but did not make their appearance, happily. An attack from those powerful animals, the Bulgarian dogs, is no trifling matter; they are very

dangerous at night; so much so, that in many places a stranger dare not quit the shelter of the house after dark.

It was at the little village of Yankovetz, a mile beyond Resna, that we expected to receive shelter for the night in a monastery, Mr. C—— having sent forward a Cavass and servant to make preparations; but on reaching the first cottages we found ourselves in a dilemma: in the utter darkness, no one knew the way. Lights glimmered from the narrow windows around, and in civilized Europe it would have been quite easy to knock at a door and inquire. Not so here: every door and window was fast barred and bolted: no answer was returned to the repeated calls of the Cavasses; you might have imagined the dogs the only living things in Yankovetz, so great is the fear of violence and treachery. At length, by dint of perseverance and explanations, Hussein obtained the never-failing Turkish response, "Doghrou, doghrou" (straight on). This injunction seemed difficult of execution, for the night was as black as ink, the way as winding as a corkscrew; so we stumbled on, up a bank, through a ploughed field, and finally arriving at

the brink of a precipice, wondered how we were to continue to go "doghrou." We retraced our steps, and leaving our horses to choose their path, stumbled down the bank again, and saw a faint light in a neighbouring cottage. How he managed it I do not know, but Hussein contrived to get hold of one of the inmates, a woman, and putting her in front, obliged her to conduct the party; it was only a few yards after all, and we were before a large solid-looking building, with deep over-hanging roof; but alas! all was dark there also, and silent as a desert. After long knocking, shouting, and vociferations, in Turkish, Albanian, Greek, and Bulgarian, the door was slowly opened by a figure with bare legs, a scared face, and wild dishevelled hair, who timidly looked out, holding above his head a lighted splinter of pine-wood. This was scarcely the reception we had expected; and at length, by dint of persevering inquiry, it was elicited that the priest was absent from home, and that the servants, finding lodging in the monastery impossible, had gone in search of other quarters. There was no help for it, but to turn round once more; in order to discover in

which direction, Hussein fired a pistol at the entrance of the village, the signal was answered in the same manner, and in ten minutes' time we were dismounting in the paved courtyard of the substantial dwelling belonging to the "Tchorbadjy,"—principal man of the place. People with lights bustled about. The old gentleman came out to receive his guests; his wife and daughters welcomed us in the hall, and conducted us upstairs in pretty, clean rooms, fresh with new panelling and whitewash; the kettle was boiling, supper ready, and we felt at last quite at home and comfortable.

The next morning, on emerging from our rooms into the large open gallery, to enjoy the fresh air and lovely prospect, we became aware that we had been anxiously waited for by an expectant crowd; the best places for obtaining a good view were already secured, the more adventurous had mounted on trees close by; every rising ground, far and near, presented a group of women and children; all the balconies were crowded, and even from a considerable distance, heads were bent curiously forward to obtain a glimpse of the strangers.

It was evident we afforded them great amusement, which continued with little diminution the whole morning. We were the first European ladies who had ever visited this remote village, and must have produced much the same sensation as would be created by the unexpected arrival of Chinese lady tourists in some sequestered Welsh hamlet.

The large open gallery, such an important feature in native houses, is used in summer as the common sitting- and dining-room of the family; the servants and dependants lay out their rugs in some corner at night, and sleep there. Small rooms, often little more than cells, close the gallery on two or three sides; the rest is entirely open, the roof being merely supported by slight wooden beams, between which, in the better houses, large shutters, fastened up to the roof in the day-time, are let down at night, and thus convert the terrace into an immense room.

Yankovetz is a Christian village, inhabited chiefly by Bulgarians and a few Vallaks, but no Turks; our host was a Vallak.

The day was Sunday, fresh, bright, and cheerful; the village seemed bathed in pleasant sunshine;

through the open windows of the room where the service of our Church was being performed, came the glad voice of the lark and the soft hum of the summer insect, raising their hymn of thanks for the gift of existence on the face of this beautiful earth; far down in the valley below, a river sparkled joyously through the green meadows, then turning the wheel of a small mill, disappeared in a grove of gently-waving trees, to ripple on again beyond the coppice as gaily as before. The scene was one of rest and peace,—peace! in that smiling valley; beside the sparkling river, revenge and cold-blooded murder were at work. We could not believe it; there was agitation in the village, and they told us that a young man was lying dead near the mill, just assassinated in the midst of a holiday party of friends, and that another youth was being then brought home badly wounded. In the course of the day, the following facts came to light:—A Zaptié (a police guard) of the town of Resna, named Kerim, had a spite against an elderly Christian inhabitant of the same place who had caused him to be reprimanded for an offence which, anywhere in Europe, would have merited trans-

portation for life. Shortly afterwards, Kerim was detected in a burglary, for which he was tried and condemned to forty days' imprisonment at Monastir. The lightness of his punishment was due to the favour of an influential member of the "Medjlis" (or Council), and it was through the same interest that, on the day of his return to Resna, the Mudir took him back into the corps of Zaptiés.

His first thought was to avenge the injury (as he considered it) done him by the Christian elder of Resna. On this Sunday, an entertainment was given at a green shady spot near the mill. There were present some of the elders of Resna, as well as a few persons from Yankovetz, amongst them the two Bulgarian youths Stavri Kotti and Yovan. Three men of the rural police force were also there to partake of the universal *pièce de résistance* of a Turkish picnic—a whole roast lamb. Whilst this was being discussed, Kerim the Zaptié arrived unbidden to the feast. His object was to take the life of the Christian elder; he drew his pistol and fired, but, instead of hitting his intended victim, Stavri Kotti, who was seated beside the old man, received the bullet in his heart, and instantly fell

back dead. The company, as if paralysed at the sight of the unexpected bloodshed, made no attempt to lay hands on the murderer; the three rural policemen, who were present, might easily have arrested him, had they chosen to do so, but probably as it was *only* a Christian who had been killed before their eyes, they scarcely thought it worth while bringing their comrade into trouble. One person alone, Yovan, the friend of the ill-fated Stavri Kotti, endeavoured to arrest the assassin's flight, but he was at once disabled by a blow on the right arm from Kerim's yataghan, and fell bathed in blood from an artery having been severed. His life was with difficulty saved,—a country surgeon, an Albanian, who was fortunately at hand, contrived to tie the artery,—but he remains a cripple for life.

After shooting Stavri Kotti, Kerim came coolly into Yankovetz, to fetch his gun, which he had left in the Khan, when Mr. C——'s Cavass, Hussein, meeting him, asked him where he was going. "Only to look after my horse, which has strayed into a field," was the answer. Hussein, who knew nothing of what had happened, did not of course

molest him, and off he went, returning on his way by the mill where his victim was still lying. When the rumour of the murder reached the village a few minutes afterwards, it was already too late; he had passed on to the edge of the brushwood which covered the neighbouring hills. Then, and not till then, the three rural policemen, urged by their late companions at the entertainment, went in pursuit of Kerim. They were seen to approach him, hold conversation with him, and then quietly allow him to go in one direction, whilst they dispersed themselves in another.

All this time, the body of the poor slaughtered youth could not be removed before an official investigation had been made. Some one went to the Mudir of Resna to inform him of what had taken place, and to urge him to come himself to the spot; but this functionary was stupefied with raki, and it was with great difficulty that he was induced to make a move. When it was observed to him that the rural policemen, witnesses of Kerim's crime, ought to have arrested him on the spot, he only vouchsafed the evasive answer, "that belonging probably to another district, they did not feel

themselves warranted in executing an arrest in the district of Resna."

The unfortunate Stavri Kotti, a fine promising youth of twenty, was the only son and support of a widowed mother. His cruel fate struck the whole village with grief. As we loitered on the hillside, a few hours later, we perceived a cart drawn by white oxen, and followed by a crowd of peasants, come from the direction of the mill. We knew that it conveyed the body of the victim, as the piteous, heartrending wail of women's voices reached us from the first cluster of cottages. Again and again, that sorrowful cry rose and fell, as the cart bore its sad burden onwards; but the men said not one word, they seemed quite aghast, and dared not utter their thoughts, as they were surrounded by Turks whom they dreaded. They told us that more than one Christian had, during the three months previously, been murdered, and that they dared not take any measures to bring the criminals to justice, nor even breathe their names, although well known, lest their relations should destroy them also.

Continuing our walk through the village, we

saw a poor sickly-looking young woman lying at the door of her cottage. We were told that a few months ago, a Turk had insulted her, and on her resisting him, he drove his yataghan through her thigh, and had lamed her for life.

We strolled to the monastery of which we had caught a glimpse the night before, and found it tenanted by only one monk, with two rough-looking attendants. It stands at the entrance of a lovely glade on the verge of the forest, and just outside Yankovetz, which, in itself, is as pretty and pastoral-looking a little village as can well be imagined. It is a picturesque assemblage of white-washed walls, brown and red roofs, and open balconies, climbing up a richly wooded hill; and in front of it, rises a park-like slope shaded by large trees, the velvet turf fragrant with wild thyme, and dotted here and there with flocks of sheep and goats.

The whole place had an air of comfort and plenty, contrasting strongly with our usual experience in the Turkish districts of the empire; everything looked good and solid, and the stout fences round the gardens and paddocks were not

Haghart, lith.

MONASTERY ON THE PINDUS.

falling to decay, or propped with up tombstones, but kept in good repair.

While the horses were being loaded on the Monday morning, we went up the green slope to examine one of the large trees, on which was hanging a bar of wood, and near it a wooden mallet. This was the instrument used for calling the congregation to church, in many places the use of a bell being still forbidden to Christians. The church itself, which was not allowed to be erected in the village, but at some distance from it, is a minute edifice, like a small barn without any visible window, and the smallest possible door kept close-fastened.

We had no sooner made our appearance abroad, than we were surrounded by a troop of wondering children, pretty little creatures, with bright, clear complexions, blue eyes, and well-shaped faces, well worth remembering; but as soon as I drew out pencil and paper, they sprang away like fawns, the elder girls with a rag of muslin, called a veil, fluttering behind them in the breeze.

On our departure, we passed again through Resna. It is a much larger place than Yankovetz,

and possesses a fine-looking church. Outside this village, we began immediately to ascend the steep mountain-side.

We were now crossing the central ridge of the Pindus chain; the air was delightfully fresh and bracing, and the hillsides, although at first rather barren, became more wooded as we advanced; magnificent gorges opened to the view, on each side of the road, winding upwards, until at length we were passing through deep shady glades, in the midst of a forest of beech and oak.

Hussein, the Cavass, thought some caution necessary here; he dismounted, and with another went on in advance of the party on foot, looking behind all the bushes on each side of the road very carefully, and he continued to keep his finger on the trigger of his long gun, until we emerged from the dark glades on to the beautiful summit of the pass of Petrina.

Here was the Durbend, and here we made one of the pleasantest halts of our delightful journey. The horses were unloaded, and our carpets spread on soft grass spangled with cowslips, in the broad shade of a spreading beech. In front of us the Cavasses

and Kirredjies, in brilliant confusion, were grouped round the little fire, where tea and coffee were being prepared; the blue smoke curling lazily amongst the waving branches.

For beauty of forest scenery, this Durbend of Petrina can scarcely be surpassed. Beyond the undulating masses of trees covering the steep descent on one side, we could distinguish the blue waters of the Lake of Presba, enclosed in soft swelling hills, fringed to the brink with the rich covering of "leafy June," while half a mile above us, the snow still clung in heavy masses about a craggy summit of rock, from which a large eagle was swooping down into the sylvan wilderness beneath. At one hour's distance from this spot, lies Ustok, the birthplace of Justinian.

Leaving the Durbend, it took us half an hour to cross the stony level which gives its name to the pass, Petrina (the Rocky); then by a steep descent, very hot and shadeless, we came at length in sight of the magnificent sheet of water formerly known as the Lake Lychnitis, the largest of this district, and by some called the first of Grecian lakes, being fifteen miles long, and four wide. Covering

a hill on the north-eastern border, surrounded by strong walls, and crowned with a fortress, rises the town of Ochrida, in Turkish Ochri, the ancient capital of the kings of Bulgaria.*

* "Bulgaria, now bounded by the Balkan range, once stretched as far south as the Gulf of Arta. The town of Ochris grew into importance when the ancient city of Lychnidus, standing on the south-eastern shore, was nearly destroyed by earthquake in the reign of Justinian. Lychnidus was the capital of the Dassaretæ, and became under the Romans a station on the Egnatian Way."

CHAPTER X.

A MONASTIC BIRD'S-NEST.—ENTRY INTO OCHRIDA.—THE HOUSE OF PAPAS ECONOMOS.—HANDY LITTLE BULGARIKA.—"SO'OK SOU."—MAGNIFICENT VIEW.—THE ALBANIAN MOUNTAINS.—A ROW TO STRUGA.—LEGEND.—THE BLACK DRIN.—THE FISHING STATION.—A FISH DINNER.—AN ENGLISH CARD.—WE CREATE AMUSEMENT.—THE SCHOOL OF STRUGA.—A NUMEROUS ESCORT.—THE FLOUR TRADE OF OCHRIDA.

DESCENDING the western slope of the Pindus, and halfway down the steep declivity, we paused to admire the effect of a rustic-looking, brown, wooden Monastery, clinging like an enormous bird's nest to the rough mountain-side. The path leading to it, winding almost perpendicularly upwards, among brambles, and jagged masses of grey rock, must be terribly fatiguing, and likely to keep the reverend recluses very much to themselves in their airy solitude.

At the foot of the mountain we entered a rich fertile country, passing through shady lanes, bordered by hedges, heavy with the perfumed masses of pink roses, elder-flowers, golden-broom, and an endless variety of other blossoms; in fact, we remarked in this country, growing wild, almost every plant which one is accustomed to see in the cottage gardens of England.

The dignity of our entry into Ochrida was somewhat diminished by the company of a large herd of buffaloes, returning from market, (for it was market day,) and we had no alternative but to fraternize with them, and to conform their slow pace along the whole length of the principal street.

The town seemed filled with Albanians, many in the splendid Ghegue costume, which, in addition to the brilliant gold-embroidered jacket, and leggings worn by most of the other Albanian tribes, displays a long pelisse of carmine-coloured cloth, reaching nearly to the feet behind, and open in front to exhibit the white fustanelle common to the whole race.

We alighted at the house of a priest, Papas

Economos, who had agreed to give us his dwelling (quite new and clean) for our accommodation, begging as a favour to be allowed to retain one room at the back for himself and family.

The front apartments commanded a charming view of the lake. We were conducted into them, and found the priest's family in waiting to offer their compliments. The wife, two married daughters, a son, and some neighbours were presented to Mr. and Mrs. C—— in turn, after which the youngest daughter, a rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed, thick-set little maiden of thirteen, about four feet high, appeared in a light cotton dress, marvellously short-waisted, a green muslin handkerchief round her head, and a pearl necklace. She offered us sweetmeats and coffee with wonderful self-possession, and that duty ended, tucked up her gown, and went off to cook the dinner. The mother informed us that her daughter could spin, weave, make carpets and a shaggy stuff for covering divans, and that she intended to find her a husband in six months' or a year's time.

We embarked the next morning in a very primitive-looking boat, to visit a spot on the western

shore, called "So'ok Sou" (the cool waters). Before arriving there, we had to push through a bank of tall rushes, the water becoming more and more shallow, until the boat was fairly stranded on a bar of gravel, when the gentlemen were obliged to submit to be carried on the boatmen's backs to a little patch of land, in order to lighten the boat, after which the men, up to their waists in water, literally pulled us through; it was hard work. The principal boatman, a Bulgarian, had a very honest, good-humoured face; he seemed to enjoy the labour, and in the course of the operation, constantly repeated "Prau, prau," meaning good.

So'ok Sou, when we reached it after all this trouble, was chiefly curious on account of a great body of water rushing from the mountain-side, by four or five broad channels, into the lake. The view from thence is magnificent: Ochrida, rising as it were out of the lake on the right-hand, with its fortress, its ruined palaces, its ancient cathedral, and its battlemented walls; on the opposite shore, the long range of the Albanian mountains, piled up in sublime confusion; further off, and above the town to the north, are seen the snowy peaks in the

neighbourhood of Dibra; opposite, those near to Elbassan; further still towards the south, the lofty summits above Berat, and in the extreme distance the faint outline which marks the position of Yanina, once the residence of the fearful Pasha of Tepeleni.

We returned to Ochrida, rowing very close in by the shore, which gave us an opportunity of remarking, that those large open galleries so often mentioned, give a town thus seen a very desolate appearance; it makes the houses look as if they had been burnt out, nothing remaining but the shells.

We were in the boat again on the following morning, crossing to the Albanian village of Struga, which stands near the spot where the black Drin flows out of the lake in its course northwards.

Immediately after passing the last houses of the town, the shore becomes extremely bold; masses of grey rock, tossed together in the wildest confusion, overhang the water, holding in their stony grasp more than one little chapel or hermitage; in one part supporting on the edge of the cliff an ancient Byzantine-looking church, St. John Theo-

logus, a building in the same style as the small Church of the Twelve Apostles at Salonica. Each of these places of devotion is visited in turn throughout the year. The ruins of a city are said to exist on the summit of the hill.

A legend attached to this part is very expressive of the character of the scenery, and the manners of its ancient inhabitants. Two brothers of a generation long passed away, inherited from their father a flock of sheep. According to some strange principle of division, the share of one brother was ninety-nine out of the flock of one hundred, one only, of course, remaining for the other. The owner of the ninety-nine sheep exulted over his less fortunate brother, rejoicing in the prospect of increasing riches which opened before him. His amazement, therefore, was unbounded when it was discovered that the solitary sheep of his brother was (by some process unexplained by the chronicler) of more value than his own flock. In his rage, he killed the obnoxious animal, but no sooner had he done so than he received the punishment of his fault. His ninety-nine sheep instantly became rocks, and the blood of the slaughtered one to this

day streams down in a purple tide into the lake amongst its petrified companions.

It was three hours before we reached the rambling village of Struga. For some short time previously, we had been following, with difficulty, the shallow course of the Drin, much amused by the Albanian women and girls, who were standing in the river washing linen, by beating it with a large flat spade, with their dresses drawn up considerably above the knee, though they hastily concealed their mouth and chin, with a floating rag of a veil, as soon as they perceived strangers. It is customary for the Rayah population to conform in some degree to the prejudices and manners of the Moslems; until of late years, no woman in all this country ventured into the streets except closely veiled.

The banks of the Drin reminded us strongly of the scenery of a Dutch landscape,—rather flat, many willows, and stumps of decayed pollards, and piles everywhere in the water, besides plenty of children playing about on the brink. At a wooden bridge a short way up the stream, we were obliged to change into a flatter boat, our sudden apparition creating much excitement on the shore. After a

quarter of an hour's slow progress, we landed at a great fishing station, and sat down to repose under a spreading walnut-tree.

The Fishing Station of Struga, on the Drin, is a very important establishment. Both salmon and eels are caught here in great quantities, most especially the latter; on some occasions as much as 6000 okes (about 15,000 lb.) of these are taken at a time. They are salted and sent to Servia, Wallachia, and throughout the Danubian Provinces. The eels are taken in wicker traps, and the salmon by means of a gigantic fork, like a harpoon. The fishing season lasts only for two months, during May and June.

The chief of the station having provided a most luxurious dinner, a table was brought out on the grass, plates of the world-wide willow pattern were laid on it, and then began a succession of delicacies which would not have disgraced the *chef* of Véfour, or the *Rocher de Cancale.* First, a kilted Albanian bore us in triumph a bowl of fish-soup with large pieces of salmon floating in it; then a fine salmon stuffed with raisins, parsley, chopped onions, etc., baked and cut across, with slices of

lemon stuck in the gaps; there was a rich sauce of the same nature; it was dressed with oil, and was declared by all the company to be perfect. Then came more salmon roasted, with pepper and salt, eaten with the roe; a dish of eels baked, and another roasted in slices and sugared, completed this part of the feast. Then two Albanians appeared, bearing a lamb roasted whole, stuffed, of course, with the usual accompaniment of rice, raisins, fir-nuts, etc., with it a salad, and afterwards an immense dish of sweet, crisp cakes, composed of eggs, sugar, and butter, and swimming in syrup; the whole wound up with rice, milk, pilaf, and fresh yaourt, followed by the little cups of black coffee, particularly acceptable after these rich viands. The cook, a wild-looking man in a grimy fustanelle, was complimented on the successful result of his labours (quite wonderful considering the wild, barbarian aspect of everything around), when he said that for twenty-five years he had been constantly employed in dressing these fish dinners. The fishing station of Struga is a favourite resort of the inhabitants of Ochrida, and of all the surrounding districts.

Among a party of notables of the little town, arriving soon afterwards to pay their respects to Mr. C——, came a man anxious to inquire concerning the welfare of an English traveller, who had been an inmate of his house as much as sixteen years ago. The worthy man had preserved with the utmost care, as if it were a relic or a talisman, a small piece of paper, on which was written:—

Wm. Hy. Bradley,
40, Russell Square,
London.

He asked us to read it, and seemed much disappointed, that although English, we were not acquainted with the gentleman, and could give him no information on the subject.

Coming back through the town to regain our boat, we gradually collected in our wake all the visible inhabitants of the place, women and children; they were very good-humoured, and enjoyed our progress, as their London prototypes might do the Lord Mayor's show, taking up good stations in advance to watch the approach, and then joining the train behind, so that by the time we reached

the church, our escort had assumed formidable proportions.

The present church of Struga, erected in 1835, is handsome and solidly built; it contains a very fine screen, carved and gilt, besides several pictures in good condition; the figures in these pictures (as is very common in the Eastern churches) have the glory round the head, and the hands inserted in silver.

Beside the church stood the school-house; we entered, and were much pleased with the order maintained amongst the scholars. It numbers two hundred children, about thirty of whom are girls. The elder girls kept a veil half over their faces, covering the mouth. A young lad, acting as monitor, directed the proceedings by means of a little hand-bell. The children were standing about as we entered; at a signal they were marshalled into single file, and marching round the room chanting a canticle, gradually subsided on to their respective benches; they afterwards sang a hymn in honour of the Sultan, then, still guided by the tinkling bell, they made a low bow, and crossed themselves in time. The scholars were nearly all Albanians,

not distinguished for beauty of feature or costume, being clad in dirty, white cotton; but the poor children must have been zealous pupils, as many came, we were told, from a great distance. In the neighbourhood of Athens, the Greek boys are so anxious to acquire knowledge, that those who live very far off will sleep on the bare stones of the streets for several nights, and live on a dry crust, rather than forego the advantage of the school.

Leaving the school-house, we found that the greater number of our self-constituted attendants had patiently waited for us during the whole time of our stay, nor did they leave us until they had seen us safely into the boat, while they crowded the little wooden bridge, elbowing and jostling each other to obtain the most advantageous places on the parapet. Happily the old rafters did not give way under the unusual load, as we had fully expected.

On the brink of the river we saw several potteries: the ware was of a coarse quality, though particularly elegant in shape; we remarked water-jars with double handles, of the precise form of many of the Etruscan vases. This manufacture,

and the working in silver filigree, form the chief industry of the little Albanian town of Struga.

In Ochrida, also, the filigree-work is carried to great perfection; they ornament it with coral, but the principal occupation of the inhabitants, and the source of their wealth, is the dressing and making up furs for the pelisses so universally worn by men and women throughout Turkey. They receive the skins from Leipsic. The heavy cloth coat, lined with fur, is regarded in most parts of the country as a necessary finish to all gala dress, and is put on in all seasons, quite regardless of the state of the thermometer. In many large houses one may observe long poles suspended horizontally from the ceiling of the hall or the broad airy landing of the staircase. It is the custom to hang the furs over these poles in a current of air, to preserve them from the moth, which in all the East is excessively destructive. I have since tried the same plan, and found it to succeed very well. Very large fortunes are made by this trade in furs; the merchants have corresponding establishments in the baza'ars of Constantinople, as well as in many places of the Levant,

CHAPTER XI.

THE SERAÏ.—OLD PALACE OF TELAHADEEN BEY.—THE HA'AREM —A TURKISH KHANUM.— COSTUME.—AN ARNAOUT MOSLEM LADY.— RICH DRESS. — VIEW FROM THE OLD GATEWAY.—A GREEK SLAVE.—THE TOMB OF ST. CLEMENT.—THE CHURCH OF ST. SOPHIA.—BULGARIAN INDUSTRY.—PEACEFUL HOME OF COSTA BELLI.—A TURKISH DEBTOR.—REVENGE.—ASSASSINATION OF COSTA BELLI.—THE MONASTERY OF ST. NAUM.—DELIGHTFUL RIDE THITHER. — LYCHNIDUS. — BULGARIAN DRESS.—ENTER THE MONASTERY.—FATHER SERAPHINE, THE JOVIAL PRIOR.—TURKISH ENCROACHMENT.—PECULIAR TREATMENT OF LUNATICS.—A COURSE OF TOMB-SITTING.—CHAPEL OF ST. NAUM.—THE SOURCE OF THE BLACK DRIN.—WARNINGS.—FAREWELL TO ST. NAUM.

We went one day to pay a visit to the wife of the Mudir. The Seraï of Ochrida, standing on the brow of the hill, commands a magnificent prospect of the town, with the lake beyond, sleeping in the hollow of the lofty encircling mountains; far off, on the southern shore, a bright-speck, like the

sparkle of a diamond, indicated the next station of our journey, the Monastery of St. Naum. This seraï is one of the old palaces of the renowned Telahadeen Bey, and, from the appearance of the attendants lounging round the antique gateway, one might almost have expected to be ushered into the presence of the old brigand chieftain. They were all mountaineers, bristling with weapons, carrying guns almost taller than themselves, and the greater number wearing the gorgeous dress of the Ghegue tribe of Illyrian Albania.

Mr. C—— went up to the "selamlik," whilst the ladies, leaving Vely Agha at the entrance, beyond which he could not penetrate, were conducted by a black servant into the recesses of the ha'arem.

We found the Khanum standing by a fountain in the court, with the skirts of her "ant'ary" tucked up, helping her maidens to wash linen; she came forward smiling, and not at all dismayed at being caught in such a homely occupation; she begged us to follow one of her women, and soon after made her appearance, with her long train sweeping the ground in the most approved style.

The room into which we were ushered was a

vast chamber, divided from the great entrance-hall (in the centre of which were the remains of a fountain) by a row of carved wooden pillars supporting an architrave richly ornamented with arabesque work. The ceiling, of dark oak, was carved also, as well as the high conical screen of the chimney. The lady curled herself up on a corner of the divan, the only article of furniture in the room, requesting Mrs. C—— to occupy the corresponding seat of honour; and, after the sweetmeats and coffee had been duly served, began the usual inquiries about our relations, their ages, domestic circumstances, and other home questions, which forms the staple of conversation of ha'arem visits in the East.

Eminé Khanum was pretty, though rather past her bloom. She had a fair complexion, with blue eyes, and light auburn hair, which she wore cut short in front, a long plaited tress hanging down her shoulders, and a cluster of rosebuds falling over her brow from a small muslin handkerchief covering the crown of the head. Her throat was adorned with a thick necklace of pearls, besides several rows of gold coins. Her wide "chalvar",

or trousers, and the "ant'ary,"* were made of a light-coloured silk, striped with gold.

I remarked that the fair Eminé Khanum had teeth perfectly black, and at first attributed this to a too great indulgence in "rahat lokoum" and "sweets" in general; but, on looking round, I discovered that this peculiarity was regarded as an embellishment: all the women had attempted to beautify their mouths in the same manner, and had succeeded in giving them a ghastly, cavernous expression. The tips of their fingers were reddened with henna.

Presently another visitor arrived, an Albanian Moslem lady, residing in the neighbourhood. She entered the room completely enveloped in a large black feredjé, or cloak, which, contrary to the usual custom, she retained on perceiving strangers; but afterwards, in compliance with our request, she suffered it to be taken off by her attendants, and

* The ant'ary is the upper dress, made with a narrow skirt, which fastens down the front. It is excessively long, so as to form a train, split into three parts. On occasions of ceremony this train is always suffered to sweep the ground; slaves and dependants alone wearing it invariably fastened up to the girdle.

stood upright for a few minutes before us, quite dazzling from the splendour of her attire. Over a chemisette of delicate striped gauze, richly embroidered in gold, she had a black velvet waistcoat, stiff with gold galloon, and edged with a thick row of pendant gold buttons; upon this a jacket in plum-coloured silk, also trimmed with gold, and having sleeves of a peculiar form peaked at the wrist (a shape universal for men as well as for women); her very ample trousers, of white striped muslin, were also embroidered in gold. This brilliant costume was completed by a pelisse without sleeves, reaching to the feet, in crimson velvet, heavily braided with the same precious metal; a magnificent shawl wound round her slender waist, and a pale yellow handkerchief confining the masses of her jet-black hair. This daughter of fierce Albania was in every respect a remarkable contrast to her Turkish hostess, and as she leaned back on the cushions of the divan, negligently holding a rose with one hand, while the other supported an amber-tipped tchibouk, I thought I had never seen a more striking or graceful picture.

The Albanian had a little girl with her, who

wore a large crimson velvet jacket, with hanging sleeves, evidently a component part of her mother's splendour, and intended to be worn over the body of the pelisse; it suited the little girl just as well, as there is no difference in the style of childish costume; from their infancy the young Osmanlees look like miniature men and women, the only distinction being, that little girls do not wear the yashmak and féredjé when they appear in public.

The mistress of the house had sent one of her women to gather some roses from a beautiful bush waving on the outer side of the latticed window, and had presented each of us with one of them; soon afterwards, mustering our best and most graceful Turkish expressions of adieu, we took our leave.

There are two other palaces in Ochrida formerly belonging to the redoubted Telahadeen Bey, besides the Seraï occupied by the Mudir. They stand on the two extremities of the summit of the hill within the walls; the buildings are now much dilapidated, and not remarkable for anything except for the superb views which they command: beauty of situation, indeed, would seem to be the

first point considered by the Easterns when planting a dwelling.

It was on our road to visit one of these dismantled Seraïs that we came upon an old gateway, the open gates covered with large plates of iron, like the scales of a fish; it was a few steps out of the road, but the usual peering propensities of a traveller urged us to investigate the other side. It was a splendid panorama which burst suddenly upon us, showing, in the valley far below, a beautiful suburb of the town, embosomed in gardens, with the rich plain beyond, bounded by the range of mountains which we had crossed. The palace of the old Brigand Chieftain was a prominent object in the foreground. While I was busy with my pencil, a pale, interesting-looking woman dressed in black came near, and, entering into conversation, told us how, in the Greek War of Independence, she had been, when quite a child, carried away into slavery by the Turks from Naousta, after the massacre of the greater number of the inhabitants. She was taken to Dibra, in Albania, where she remained a slave in a Mussulman family for many years, but not, she confessed, unkindly

treated. At length her mother, having with great difficulty succeeded in raising a sufficient sum by subscription, was enabled to purchase her back; but the sorrows of her youth had left a cloud of melancholy on her after-life, and given an indescribable depth of sadness to her large dark eyes. She looked the very impersonation of her country's woes, as she sat, with a thick black veil crossed over her bosom, on the shaft of a broken column.

Near the third of the ruined palaces already mentioned, you find the crumbling remains of a church, covered on one side with a magnificent growth of ivy (very rare in these parts): on the brink of the precipice, a tomb was pointed out to us, as being that of St. Clement.

The old Church of St. Sophia, fast falling to decay, is well worthy of a visit; it was built by Justinian. The interior is completely lined with fresco paintings: the walls, the roof, galleries, staircase, crypt, all exhibit the industry, and sometimes the skill, of the artist; there is not an inch of space left unemployed; when fresh, it must have been wonderfully gorgeous: the building is very large. The Cathedral, on the contrary, is

small; it is ornamented throughout in the same manner, and in a far better style of art: several of the paintings are evidently by an Italian hand. This also is one of the 365 churches raised by the same imperial and indefatigable church-builder.

Before taking leave of Ochrida and of Papas Economos, we paid farewell visits to his two married daughters. One household was especially interesting, as a type of a respectable Bulgarian family. The husband's name was Costa Belli. He was a fine, manly, honest-looking fellow, a builder, and evidently prosperous in the world; he had a substantial, well-furnished house, a quiet, gentle wife, and two healthy-looking children. There was a pale, little, crippled child also amongst them, towards whom they seemed particularly tender. She was not their own, as we learned upon inquiry, but a poor orphan, adopted into the family; they were quite rich enough, they said, and could well afford to shelter this little one in addition. "It will make no difference," said the father; "we shall all work, the Bulgarians are never idle; every one works—men, women, and children." The industry of a young

girl is accumulated during several years, in the shape of linen, spun and woven by herself, embroidered dresses, woollen furniture-stuffs, carpets and rugs, all her handiwork, and forming the greater part of her dowry.

We were much interested in the intelligent remarks and conversation of Costa Belli, and took leave, feeling sincere pleasure in the prosperity and domestic comfort which had evidently rewarded his honest industry; and yet,—poor Costa Belli!—a few weeks later, I learnt that he had been murdered, a victim to that very success, through which, in common with many other Christians, he had been obliged to lend money to the Turks.

Among his debtors was one Zehio, a Turk of Ochrida, who owed him 4000 piastres. This debt had been long outstanding, and yet Costa, in spite of the inutility of his repeated appeals, was ever indulgent. Finally, he found it necessary to resort to stronger measures, and happening at that juncture to make interest with the Mudir, he got Zehio cast into prison. It is very rarely that a Christian can so coerce his Mussulman debtor; and without

some interest to support him, he can never hope for such a result.

Costa Belli proved lenient, and after four days he released his debtor, on a promise to pay at some future fixed period. What more could he do? His debtor's son, Ahmed, nevertheless felt aggrieved that his father should have been imprisoned at the suit of a Christian, and took no account of the justice of the claim, or that the creditor could have kept his father in prison, when once he had got him in there, until he was utterly ruined.

Ahmed, altogether regardless of these considerations, and stung with indignation, determined to avenge the honour of his parent. He concerted with an uncle, residing at the other end of the lake, and this uncle came by appointment, with a horse and gun, to So'ok Sou, the fountain near Ochrida, where, at that hour, Costa Belli was at a festive party, with forty or fifty of his friends.

Ahmed watched his opportunity when poor Costa was taking a siesta after the feast, and, creeping up to him, discharged the fowling-piece into his side; then, leaping on his uncle's horse,

dashed through the horror-stricken crowd of spectators and rode off, no one having sufficient energy and presence of mind to arrest his flight.

Ahmed has never been brought to account for his cold-blooded and atrocious crime; some proceedings were, it is true, begun against him, and great agitation prevailed for a time, but, as is most usual in like cases, the matter appears now to have dropped. The unfortunate sufferer lingered for a month, and died, leaving desolate the home which had been so smiling and hopeful a few short weeks before.

The Christians of Ochrida complain bitterly of the murders of their co-religionists which have taken place in that neighbourhood within the last three years. No less than thirty lives have been thus sacrificed, but in no single instance have the assassins been brought to justice.

But to return to our journey.

The speck which had glistened so brightly in the distance when we gazed from the heights of Ochrida upon the beautiful lake, gradually took form and substance, as the windings of the road brought me, on leaving Ochrida two days later

within nearer view of the Monastery of St. Naum. It was not a white building after all, but a bewildering mass of dark-grey moss-covered stone, brown rafters, projecting balconies, and sloping roofs, with just enough whitewash in the upper story to pick out and intensify the rich tone of the old timbers. To say that, standing as it does on a projecting tongue of land, all this was mirrored in the clear water of the little bay, that it was backed by forest-clad mountains, overtopped by the craggy snow-capped summits of Berat, can give but a faint idea of the exquisite beauty of the picture, the vigorous colouring of the old monastery with its groves and gardens, and the pearly, almost evanescent tints of the distant range rising from the shores of the Adriatic.

St. Naum is six hours south of Ochrida. Mr. and Mrs. C——, and the rest of our party, were to go there in a large boat; but I had preferred making the journey by land, and accordingly started, preceded by Hussein and a crimson-clad surridjie, acting as guide, with Black Saïd, vociferating and shouting to the baggage-horses, closing the little cavalcade.

We crossed the So'ok Sou with the water nearly up to the horses' girths, and followed the eastern shore of the lake, through beautifully shaded lanes, past hedgerows heavy with their perfumed maze of blossoms, until, after two hours of quick riding, we stopped to rest at a little village near the site of the ancient Lychnidus.*

I had been told by a person who knew the country well, that some remains of the ancient city might be observed on the slope of the hill overhanging this village. I looked about as far as circumstances would permit, for my Albanian attendants had small sympathy with antiquarian research, but discovered nothing; the old ruins must be concealed by the thick growth of underwood with which the sides of the mountain are covered.

The women of this village displayed a more monstrous girdle than any I had yet seen, with a large, square piece of thick stuff, rigid with em-

* Lychnidus was the chief town of the Dassaretæ in Illyricum; under the Romans, it was one of the principal points on the Egnatian Way. This place was nearly destroyed by an earthquake in the reign of Justinian, after which it was replaced by Ochris, the capital of the Bulgarian Empire.

broidery and gold thread, hanging from the shoulders, like a breast-plate put on behind; it terminated in a fringe of goat's-hair tails, reaching to the feet.

The road after this, entering a thick forest, crosses a steep spur of the mountain; it is very rugged and difficult, a mere horse-track, disappearing altogether in a shelving slope at the head of many of the gullies, and in these parts I was obliged to moderate the ardour of Hussein, who, once released from the usual travelling pace, a walk, was dashing along, throwing his arms into the air, flourishing his gun about wildly, and shrieking with excitement.

At the Durbend every one dismounted, and went down the winding staircase of rock on foot, until we were once again skirting the lake; then, at a smart canter, through fields and grassy glades, over a grey stone bridge, to the foot of the paved road winding up to the gate of the monastery. Here I paused a moment; the surridjie, quite unused to such rapid locomotion, was panting behind, vainly endeavouring, by a ponderous amble, to assert his dignity as leader and guide of

the party. I allowed him now to take his proper place, followed by Hussein; and so, with all becoming solemnity, our little procession passed through the vaulted archway of St. Naum.

A great clanging, as of bells, greeted our arrival; it proceeded from one large bell, a piece of metal struck with a mallet, and a wooden bar similar to that at Yankovetz: the din was terrific. I was glad to escape by following a bearded monk up a wooden exterior staircase, and through rambling antechambers, into a large, well-furnished room overhanging the lake. Here, comfortably established in the corner of the divan, I could look down from one window on the mazy windings of a small river, green with the deep shadowing of its leafy canopy, and from the other side of the angle could see far over the liquid plain to the distant crags and wild fastnesses of Dibra, or watch our little boat with its white covering making way steadily forwards to St. Naum.

The Prior, the reverend Father Seraphine, fat, good-humoured, and hospitable, came to offer his assurances of welcome. He seemed very willing to be chatty. The visit of European ladies was an

event in the annals of that remote nook (we were the first who had ever entered there), and I endeavoured, in my imperfect Turkish, to satisfy his inquiring mind. He ordered up the usual refreshments, and concluded by bringing in a large bunch of roses from the garden below.

The boat came safely to land, with our party in high spirits, and quite ready for dinner after their five hours' row; but this proved far too important a business to be hurried. Elaborate preparations were being made;—hour after hour we waited, the gentlemen making from time to time sallies of inspection, and returning to report slow progress, until near ten o'clock at night we were requested to place ourselves at table. I believe the crockery and the greater part of the things supposed to be necessary to the reception of a "Frank" party had been brought, with considerable trouble, from Ochrida; at any rate, we saw again before us the familiar willow-pattern, besides which, there were knives, forks, and drinking-glasses. The merry old Prior served each dish himself with great abundance and hospitality, now and then employing his finger to assist the operation. Perhaps it

was for the first time that he used a knife and fork, but he managed it very well upon the whole. During the repast he shook with laughter as he related many a droll anecdote, and told long stories of how the Turks impose upon him, eating up the resources of his monastery without scruple. Bodies of military passing through the district will take up their quarters there for three or four days at a time. On one occasion, he had been obliged to lodge and feed as many as three hundred troops (two hundred foot and one hundred horse soldiers) at once. It had not made him thin, nor did anxiety seem to weigh on his mind. He endeavoured to be on good terms with all parties, he said; and I rather think he kept himself well up with the generous wine made from the rich vineyards of the monastery, and always at hand.

This monastery was built by St. Naum in the ninth century. It is a place of reception for travellers (pilgrims, merchants, and traders), who pass here in considerable numbers during the year. An Orphan Asylum, containing on an average sixty orphans, is attached to the monastery; and it is besides much resorted to for the cure of lunatics,

who come here from the most distant parts of the country.

The patients are all subjected to a very peculiar treatment, the same method being employed without discrimination in every case. During forty days they are put into strict confinement, and fed on bread and vinegar, administered once in the four-and-twenty hours. The most important part of the remedy, however, consists in their being brought out each day to sit for a certain length of time on the tomb of St. Naum, while a portion of the Holy Gospel is read to them. The monks assert that this treatment never fails; it is certainly a case of kill or cure.

A peasant girl had been brought by her brother a fortnight before our visit; the usual routine had been strictly observed, but the young man did not appear to think that matters were progressing at all favourably, as he complained bitterly of the falling off in his sister's looks.

'Tradition says that some sacrilegious persons, endeavouring to break open the tomb of the saint in a search for concealed treasure, were struck with madness. This tomb is placed in a small side-chapel

of the chapel of the monastery which stands in the centre of the great court, the only remnant of the original building; some stones in it were pointed out to us as part of the palace of Michael, King of Bulgaria.

The small chapel of St. Naum, containing the tomb, is painted throughout with scenes from the life of the Saint. His labours in building the monastery are well brought out; one picture over the door tells us that, as he was conveying stones to the spot in a cart (precisely the form of the present Bulgarian cart), a lion and a bear made a friendly meal of one of his oxen; whereupon, as a fitting punishment, the wild animals were subdued by the power of the Saint, and forced to submit to be themselves harnessed to the cart.

The monastery is very large; it contains a vast number of rooms and cells of different degrees, sometimes comfortably furnished with divans and rugs. Many of the best reception rooms are built and fitted up by charitable persons, villages, or communities, and called after their names. When not occupied by the proprietors themselves, they are devoted to the service of strangers. Besides the

lodgings within the buildings, there are long rows of cells surrounding an outer court; these shelter, almost indiscriminately, people of the lower orders, drivers of cattle and their animals.

The whole place is crammed to overflowing at the time of the Festival of St. Naum, the 20th of June, and for some days afterwards, when an immense concourse of people assemble from far and near. They make it a matter of profit as well as of piety, as they hold a great fair, where much business is transacted between the upper and lower provinces.

On Monday our party went to examine what I imagine to be the source of the Drin, supposing it to run through the Lake of Ochrida, as the Rhine and the Rhône traverse the Lakes of Constance and Geneva. At a very short distance from the Monastery, the river issues from under the rock in a great gush of water, several yards broad; it winds through a green maze of overarching boughs for a short while, then falls into the lake with sufficient force to turn a large water-wheel on the brink.

During the breakfast on that day our merry and

hospitable host curdled our blood and troubled our digestions with tales of robberies and murders of every-day occurrence around. Before the Crimean war the whole country had been very unsafe; even now, he asserted, "all the Beys are brigands;" this was an agreeable preparation to our approaching journey through some of the wildest of the mountain passes.

Before leaving, I requested the Reverend Seraphine to allow me to take a slight sketch of him; he was vastly flattered, and after submitting to the ordeal of sitting with great patience, in his ordinary dress, went out to put on his stately, flowing black robe and long veil, and then it was done over again, after which he thanked me heartily for the trouble I had given myself to bear him in remembrance.

We signed our names in the register of the Monastery, and took a most elaborate leave; the gentlemen being warmly embraced on both cheeks.

A group of peasants were in waiting at the foot of the hill, holding bunches of fresh rose-buds, which each of us was obliged to accept (returning, of course, piastres); and so, a flower-bedecked party,

we turned our horses' heads from the lovely Lake of Ochrida, and entered a wooded defile on our way by Soviani (our place of rest for the night), towards the Albanian town of Geortcha or Korytza, near the small Lake Malik.

CHAPTER XII.

PASSAGE THROUGH THE FOREST.—SUPPOSED MURDER OF A TRAVELLER THROUGH SOVIANI.—TORTURE OF THE ELDERS OF THE VILLAGE.—SUSPICION OF CONSPIRACY.—THE CHIFLIK.—AFFECTIONATE WELCOME BY MARIA AND ANASTASIA.—ARNAOUTS.—ROUGH SLEEPING.—ZECHARIAH AGHA.—THE ALBANIAN FUSTANELLE.—GREEK AND ALBANIAN SOCIAL CUSTOMS.—BRIGANDAGE.—SULEIMAN BEY.—"KOKE PER KOKE."—A CAUTIOUS TRAVELLER.—THE PLAIN OF GEORTCHA.—A POOR COUNTRY.—AN ARMED PEASANTRY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the good Prior's warning, which had been especially directed to this particular route, no catastrophe of any kind happened on our way to Soviani. It is true the Cavasses, with great show of zeal, stopped in the wildest part of the forest to marshal us close together, making us observe that, with the steep mountain on one side, and a sheer precipice on the other, we had little

chance in case of attack; but not even the shadow of a hostile fustanelle darkened the glad sunshine, as it flickered merrily across the narrow path, through waving garlands of rose and honeysuckle, or broke upon us with a softened glory, where the opening of some mountain glen showed in the distant vista the snow-clad summits above Berat or Elbassan.

We approached the verge of the forest. At this point, as the story went, a man had been murdered some time previously. A traveller, said to be carrying a large sum of money, had passed the night in the little Chiflik of Soviani (to which we were bound); he left the next morning, taking the road towards St. Naum; he was seen to enter the wooded gorge, and was never heard of more. His horse was found wandering about, but the fate of its rider was a mystery.

The authorities took up the matter. The proprietor of Soviani was suspected,—as it afterwards appeared, unjustly; but since his incrimination alone would have served no useful purpose, nor even his capital punishment, the pressure of threatened judicial proceedings was alternately

put on and taken off him, in proportion as he resisted the private call for a little money, or obeyed it.

The Mussulman elders of Soviani (a miserable Albanian village) were also coerced to give evidence against the owner of the Chiflik; they, however, were poor, and so were made to suffer for their penury by being tortured in a variety of ways. One grey-headed old man, the Imâm of the village, was suspended by a rope round his body to one of the rafters; others were hung by their arms; and some were put into the grain-bin, and kept there for days together.

Nothing, however, came of all these iniquitous proceedings. The landlord, after having been thus defrauded of a considerable sum of money, was finally allowed to remain at rest; and it is by many supposed that, after all, the man who passed the night at the Chiflik had no money with him, and that the whole affair was a trick devised by some enemy of the proprietor of Soviani in order to bring trouble upon him: this supposition is not improbable.

We issued from the forest on to a broad plain,

with a long narrow lake in the centre, the Lake Malik: the sides of it, and particularly the lower slope of the range of mountains, bounding the level at some distance, sparkled with villages. We could distinguish the town of Geortcha at the foot of one of the highest peaks, but we were to stop for that night at the little Chiflik of Soviani, about which so much has been said.

The peasants were drawn up in rows on each side of the road, at the entrance of the hamlet, waiting to salute Mr. C——; and on reaching the house of Zechariah Agha, we found the courtyard crowded with people. Amongst them (although we did not know it at the time) was a certain Hassan of Devol, the most desperate of the lawless robber chieftains of the country. According to universal custom, the ground floor of the house was devoted to stabling, granaries, and other uses of the sort, the habitable apartments being above; I was led by the hand up a perfectly dark ladder-staircase, and through a low doorway into a large room with a good deal of carved oak panelling around, enlivened here and there by touches of gilding. I had not time, then, for much examina-

tion, for I found myself suddenly seized and kissed energetically by two mahogany-coloured women wearing enormous white turbans. The good souls were supposed to be doing the honours of the house, and had imagined this as the clearest method of expressing satisfaction at the arrival of their guests. Maria and Anastasia had honest, good-natured faces; they came to sit down near Mrs. C—— and myself, making signs of regret that we could not communicate by words, Turkish being useless here; so, not knowing what better to do, they caressed our hands and feet, stroking and squeezing them in a manner with which I could have dispensed, although I tried hard not to wince at the well-meant infliction. After this they proposed to wash our feet,—a patriarchal, primitive kind of offer, but not otherwise acceptable under the circumstances.

When the dinner appeared, it was served on a large disk, which was rolled into the room, and placed on a low stool in Eastern fashion; of course, there was the inevitable lamb stuffed and roasted whole, followed by an immense "beurek" —a cake of tough pastry, containing a layer of

cheese and chopped herbs: this beurek is also a dish rarely omitted in Turkish repasts.

During the whole time of the supper, the darkened end of the room was crowded with wondering Arnaouts, the uncertain light gleaming fitfully from the bristling weapons of their belt, as they passed in and out through the small doorway. Most of them were tall, wild-looking beings, less brilliant in their attire than their more northerly brethren. Those of the district of Berat dress entirely in white,—very slovenly and dirty it looks in general; the inhabitants of the plain of Georgtcha had a nearly similar costume. They all wear the heavy sheepskin *capote*, both in summer and winter.

The Albanians shave the front of the head, leaving the hair to fall long behind the ears. They are not given to constant changes of linen; one man declared that he undressed once in five years, when his clothes dropped off. After this, it was startling to find the room destined for my Brother tenanted by at least a dozen of these semi-barbarians, polishing their arms, smoking and lounging round the remains of a wood fire, lately

used for roasting our lamb. The weather was sultry, and the atmosphere of the room indescribable; nor could much be effected in the way of ventilation, when at length it was cleared of its uncouth visitors, for the windows, very few in number, are little more than half a yard square, and heavily barred, to guard against shots from the outside.

The night was dreadful. From my mattrass spread upon the mud floor, which was of easy access to creepers of every description, whose slow march or joyous spring all tended towards the fresh victim, I could reflect upon the probability of monstrous spiders dropping from the black and mouldering rafters overhead, or form a fearful calculation as to the exact moment when the shrill trumpet of the mosquito, unseen but inevitable, would cease with a fierce dart into the burning skin. A cat was plunging in and out all through the dark hours; and altogether I envied the Cavasses and servants who, wrapped in their large capotes, had passed the night in the court below under the clear starry heavens, and I heartily welcomed the first faint blush of morning.

People were stirring at dawn, and the women came in and out of my room without much ceremony. One of them, Caterina, deliberately sat down on her heels before me for a calm examination. I turned the tables on her, and sketched her good-humoured face under its turban of towelling, whereupon she suggested "backshish."

Our host, Zechariah Agha, the son of the proprietor, was a man of some importance; his father owned considerable property; and this Chiflik of Soviani was only a small dependency to which the son came from time to time on business. Zechariah was a very fine-looking man, with wild, roving black eyes, a mass of raven hair, and fierce, bristling moustache and beard. He good-naturedly consented to stand while I drew his gorgeous costume. He was an exquisite in his way; his richly-mounted pistols and other arms were stuck in a gold-embroidered belt; his crimson jacket was heavy with gold and buttons, his waist was of the smallest, and his snowy fustanelle of the fullest dimensions. This Albanian fustanelle is a wonderful institution; it is composed of at least one hundred narrow breadths of white calico, gored towards the waist,

where it is set into a band in close gathers. Two skirts of this kind are worn over the other, and it is so arranged as to have an especial bunch in front, which the young fops swing from side to side by a peculiar movement in walking. The weight of the fustanelle is tremendous.

Mr. C—— asked Zechariah if he were married; he replied that he was not, because he had sisters not yet settled in life. It is a well-established custom, having almost the force of law, especially amongst the Greeks, that an eldest son inherits, on the death of the father, the sole charge and responsibility of the family; he must maintain his mother and sisters, portion the latter, and sometimes even the younger brothers; and he generally waits until the sisters are married, and provided for, before he thinks himself justified in taking a wife. This system—which deals rather hard measure, it must be confessed, to the eldest-born, and might induce him often to forward a hasty and unhappy union in order to obtain his own liberty—has yet its good points: in our own country many a tenderly-reared girl, suddenly left alone and unaided to fight the "fierce battle of life," leaving

a family where it is no one's duty to support her,—many a weary governess, or patient maiden aunt surrounded by a brother's flourishing family, might wish that it *was* by law or social custom that brother's business to cherish and protect the orphan daughters of an English household.

During the morning a large concourse of visitors collected, charged with complaints which they were eager to bring to the knowledge of the British Consul, who received them in a room presenting a very warlike aspect, as it was hung round with swords, pistols, long guns, and all sorts of implements offensive and defensive. Many a tale of robbery and extortion was related. A short time before the village had been dreadfully harassed by brigands, who were well known, and might be easily mastered. Suleiman Bey (there present), a powerful Albanian chieftain of some neighbouring clan, had offered to free that part of the country of them in twenty-one days, but was refused permission from the Turkish authorities; it was firmly believed at Soviani that the police of Geortcha (the chief town and residence of the Caïmakam) were in collusion with the marauders.

This same Suleiman Bey had come up to invite Mr. C—— to visit him at his Konak, some miles distant; it was said to be one of the finest estates in the country, quite the stronghold of a feudal chieftain; unfortunately it was not practicable to accept the tempting invitation. He came with us for some miles on our road to Geortchá. We noticed that he used to halt every now and then, and send out his foot scouts, who rushed about, examining every little hillock and bush; and that he only ventured to advance on receiving a sign from them. The reason of this strange and cautious mode of travelling is, that there exists an old blood-feud between his family and another, and were he not to see his way clearly in going about the country, a bullet from an ambush would soon put an end to his career. The law of retaliation has great force here; they say in Albania, "Koke per koke," *i. e.* head for head.

Suleiman Bey took leave of us at an old bridge crossing the Devol. This river, after forming the small lake of Malik, traverses Albania, and flows into the Adriatic.

We were now much struck by the neglected

aspect of the country around; the cultivation was careless, the crops looked poor and scanty, and, instead of the neatly trimmed hedges, brambles were scattered round the border of the field, scarcely distinguishable by its dry, barren soil, from the stony ill-kept road. The peasantry also had a bad, lowering look, with their guns and other arms always about them. We learned that it is the women who chiefly do the work of the fields, while the men pass their time in mending and cleaning their arms, the use of which however is forbidden to the Christian population; in the more distant provinces all are armed, without distinction of creed. In this part of Albania everything offered the strongest possible contrast to the fertile plains on the eastern side of the Pindus range, and to the industrious, frank character of the inhabitants of the Bulgarian districts.

CHAPTER XIII.

GEORTCHA.—THE GIRLS' SCHOOL.—THE ATHENIAN GOVERNESS.—INSECURITY OF THE COUNTRY.—ALBANIAN VISITING.—A LADY WHO HAS "SEEN THE WORLD."—THE METROPOLITAN CHURCH.—FIGURES OF SAINTS.—THE BOWL OF WHEAT, A FUNERAL OBSERVANCE.—THE "BEY'S TOWER."—ASCEND THE MOUNTAIN.—VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT.—FOSSIL SHELLS.—A RUINED VILLAGE.—PICTURESQUE GORGE.—IN THE BAZA'ARS.—SHAKIR.—AN ATTACK BY ROBBERS, AND MURDER OF NAHUM POTZI.—TIMID WITNESSES.—PLIASSA.—THE BEYS "OF THE OLDEN TIME."—THE RUINED SERAÏ.—THE BIRTHPLACE OF KIRITLI MOUSTAPHA PASHA.—BICHLISTA.—A TURKISH DINNER.—BULGARIAN WOMEN.—TORCHES.—A WILD ROAD TO CASTORIA.

At Georteha, called also Korytza and Ghiorghia, we were located in a pleasant house belonging to a newly-married couple who had removed from it for our benefit. During our stay of a week, we decided that there is nothing at all attractive about

this town of Geortcha. The cottages of unbaked brick look mean and wretched, the streets are dirty lanes, and the baza'ars miserable; yet many wealthy houses are scattered here and there, for the people enriched themselves very much during the Crimean war. They went to Egypt, where they made successful contracts in corn for the supply of the troops, and have returned to their native town, which (it is fair to say) many of them are endeavouring to benefit, by the liberal support given to their schools.

The girls' school is a considerable institution. It is conducted by a young Greek governess from Athens, who, in addition to more solid instruction, was introducing the rising female generation to the mysteries of crochet, tapestry, embroidery, and other fancy works, not quite so well suited to them as the distaff or the knitting needles, but these, as she rightly observed, they learned at home. She was an interesting, well-behaved young woman, living with her mother and father, an old Greek soldier, who had lost an eye in some honourable encounter, and two young brothers. All these she supported on her income of £100 a year,

with a house, firing, lighting, etc., but she declared she could not stay beyond the term of her contract. She had experienced immense difficulty in beginning her work, having to learn Albanian and Bulgarian, but after all she could not remain; there was not a person in the place, she said, with whom they could associate. The girls' school stands in the same large enclosure which contains the metropolitan church, the Bishop's palace, and two schools for boys.

On the evening of our arrival at Geortcha, the Caïmakam sent an elaborate dinner, a customary civility, but a very costly one. There must have been at least twenty dishes, borne by almost as many men, so that the requisite amount of "back shish" made the present rather a tax. On the following day, the Archbishop paid Mr. C—— the same onerous compliment.

The proprietor of the house came on a visit with his wife; she was young and very pretty, dressed in a narrow silk skirt, a fur-lined cloth pelisse, with a standing-up collar, and a large black silk handkerchief as headdress, fastened so as to form great puffs at the back of the head. The husband

also wore a heavy fur coat (it was Midsummer), the collar standing up nearly to the crown of his head. He had not a frank look; there is something servile and unreliable about the bearing of the people of this place. You hear of nothing but plots, conspiracies, forced signatures, and underhand dealing of all kinds. People are afraid of giving honest and truthful testimony wherever the authorities are concerned, and no one dare venture out of the house at night for fear of assassination.

The rural districts are no happier. A neighbouring Bey from a village at two hours' distance, told us how the country around swarmed with desperate men; that at night they were obliged to bar themselves strongly in, keep many dogs, and have servants always on the watch, ready armed.

Over and over again, the same sort of tale was repeated, showing a fearful state of demoralization and misrule in the Turkish provinces.

Calling on the family next-door, we were received in a small room, in one corner of which a great heap of blankets was lying; presently the heap moved, and we discovered our visitor of the previous day lying very ill, in the ague fit of the fever.

The presence of a sick man seemed to make no difference; the family assembled, and at last several other visitors were added to the number. One group of elderly matrons was especially droll, as they sat all in a row against the wall, each with a ponderous towel-turban. The daughters of the family, both married and wearing their national dress, served the refreshments; they looked handsome and modest, very unlike a lady friend, who, having lived for some years in Egypt, (where her husband had amassed a fortune,) and having thus seen something of the world, evidently thought herself entitled to astonish the minds of her less travelled neighbours, by an imitation of the Frank costume. The result was intense vulgarity. The good lady had adorned her enormously fat person and dark brown arms and hands with massive gold bracelets, rings, and chains, but the crowning success was a Garibaldi hat with a dingy white feather, perched in the most indescribable manner on the top of her head. Her little girl was supposed to look refined and fashionable in a dirty cotton frock, made with a low neck and short sleeves, and her hair uncovered, and plaited in little rough tails.

This Albanian population lost very much in every respect by comparison with the Bulgarians of Ochrida; here, at Geortcha, the children were sallow, sandy-looking, very plain, and exhibiting in general a low type of countenance; there, on the contrary, they were as remarkable for healthy freshness of complexion, and a good expression of face. I perhaps never saw so many pretty women and children in one place as in the old Bulgarian capital.

In the Metropolitan Church of Geortcha, which stands in the enclosure before mentioned, is a magnificent altar-screen of carved wood; the interior of the building is lined throughout with paintings; along the walls are ranged warrior saints, female saints, foreign saints, holy hermits, and wonderful stylites, all at full length. One old gentleman, whose portrait is met with in many churches, is frightfully emaciated; he wears a white beard descending to the ground; no superfluity, as he is not burdened with clothing. All these unearthly figures looked grimly upon us

through the dark mysterious aisles, while groups of old women, who had crowded in after us (all the women in Geortcha look old), filled up the picture with their dark woollen dresses and dingy white turbans.

In front of the altar-screen was placed a large bowl of boiled wheat, ornamented with coloured sugar: it was to be offered to the relations of a dead person; according to custom, it is given at the end of forty days, six months, and one year after the burial, as an emblem of the Resurrection.

Standing in a neglected orchard, near the verge of the town, is a massive square tower, called the "Bey's Tower;" we went to look at it. The upper part was pronounced to be about three or four hundred years old; the lower part, built of great blocks of stone, much older. The people who were there did not seem to know the date, but they had no doubt whatever as to the architect; "Shaïtan yapdi" (the Devil made it) was a conclusive way of settling the point. They said there were subterranean passages, now blocked up.

We had heard that fossil shells were to be found on the top of the mountain overhanging Geortcha,

and were very anxious to make the ascent; so one fine morning we started towards a precipitous rock-path, which we could distinguish from the house, in search of these antediluvian relics.

Our way lay at first along the stony bed of a stream; we then gained a ridge of the mountain where a village stands, now merely a few peasants' cottages clustering about a green; on one side a very ancient church, perhaps of Justinian's day, with short octagonal lantern, peeps out among the trees; on the site of this village, four centuries ago, stood a flourishing town.

The village priest undertook to guide us up the mountain, and after a most fatiguing ascent, we gained the summit, 2000 feet above the plain, which is, in itself, another 2000 feet above the level of the sea. We were on a part of the great Pindus range, the view embracing an immense panorama of plain, and lake, and mountain; the three lakes, Ochrida, Malik, and a smaller sheet of water called Svrina, with the mountains towering over the whole extent of Albania above Dibra, Elbassan, Berat, and the southerly Yanina; on one part of the lower slope of the opposite heights

could be distinguished the remains of Voscopolis. It was here, halfway between two seas, the Archipelago and the Adriatic (not quite on the summit, but a little way lower down), that we found great numbers of the petrified shells of many varieties, such as abound to this day in the Mediterranean; some were lying loosely on the surface of the shale, some sunk in the rock, a few were bivalves, but most were univalves; on our return to Cavalla, we found the same shells on the shore of the Ægean Sea.

On the summit of the peak are some crumbling remains, probably once a fort, with the ruins of a village, now abandoned: in former days, its inhabitants were exempt from tax, in consideration of their conveying the post in safety from Yanina towards Monastir. There was no water there, except what could be collected in the village cistern; the rest was brought up the mountain.

On the opposite height stands a little church, dedicated to the Prophet Elijah; the people from the plain below toil up there once a year.

We picked up pieces of what seemed verd antique, while descending a rocky gorge which grew

wilder and more gloomy as we advanced among the crags, piled in masses above a roaring torrent; flocks of goats, with tinkling bells, were hanging on to the almost perpendicular wall; below us, the Cavasses and horses appeared at intervals, winding in and out, as the tortuous path led downwards; and finally, in the opening of the dark defile, Geortcha, the green plain, and the distant mountains, lay bathed in the halo of a golden sunset.

The plain of Geortcha is very thickly peopled, and full of villages, on account of the uninhabitable nature of the surrounding mountains.

In a stroll through the "Charsee" (Baza'ars), we saw little to remark beyond red sandals, rough slippers, and some of the splendid dresses of the Albanian ladies, magnificently braided with gold in an arabesque pattern; it is all done by men. A prominent ornament of one of the shops was a strip of black cloth, on which we read, in startling white characters, "Superfine, London." I bought some buttons of embossed metal, washed with silver, such as are worn on the edge of the jackets; they are the size of small walnuts.

In the market, a woman in a dirty red pelisse,

with streaming black hair and fierce eyes, was leaning on a long gun; doubtless one of the war-like Amazon ladies of the North. She did not attempt to follow us, but we had already a considerable train of idlers, who crowded close in whenever we stopped, so that a move forward was like the dispersion of an ant-hill.

On the morning of our departure, Shakir, one of the Cavasses, who had been in attendance for the last fortnight, took his leave; he was to remain at Geortcha, his home, where he had a young wife and family. He was a very favourable specimen of young Albania, tall and finely-made, with a mass of chestnut hair falling below his fez, which was worn a little on one side, a nose on the antique Greek model, soft eyes, and a very gentle voice. The poor lad (for he was little more) begged, in phrases of the most insinuating Turkish, that the Consul would endeavour to obtain his release from the conscription; he had already drawn three times, but there remained yet three other trials, and it was scarcely possible that he should finally escape. Every one liked Shakir, and we felt sincerely sorry to know that interference in this matter was impossible.

The chief of the police himself, with five or six of his guards, escorted us on leaving Geortcha, riding on in front. I was very glad when they stopped at the first fountain on the way, and made their farewell salutations. All sorts of ugly stories hung about this man; his brother was known as a most desperate bandit of these parts, and some business transactions having unveiled a mass of iniquity connected with these people, their feeling towards Mr. C—— must have been the reverse of friendly, although every mark of outward respect was shown, even to servility.

On this same road, but a short time before, two Christian merchants, the one of Geortcha and the other of Scutari, whilst on their way from Geortcha to Monastir, were suddenly attacked by a band of highwaymen. Nahum Potzi, of Geortcha, fell from his horse dead, pierced by several bullets; the other, Prineh, of Scutari, fortunately escaped with his life, by putting spurs to his horse, although he was severely wounded, and was laid up for several weeks at Resna before he could continue his journey back to his home. The brigands gained nothing by their cold-blooded murder;

the horse of the unfortunate Potzi taking fright when his master fell, dashed off to the accustomed stable of the nearest Khan, with the money-bags untouched. The Khandjie was more honest than most of his neighbours; he brought the horse into Monastir, with the money in the saddle-bags, and several letters, which the ill-fated writer was bringing to friends, and which finally reached their destination stained with his blood.

The country was scoured by the police, and a detachment of regulars was sent to co-operate with them. Four or five brigands were brought in as the result of this expedition, but after examination, it was declared that they could not be put upon their trial for want of evidence. The merchant of Scutari wisely abstained from coming forward, because he well knew that his own life, already so greatly endangered, would not have been safe, had he been the means of bringing a just punishment upon any of his assailants. The Kiradjies were quite as prudent, and with double reason, as they earn their livelihood on the road where the crime was committed.

It was about the same time (and it is strongly

suspected that the same band of brigands was engaged in the enterprise) that the Bishop of Ochrida was robbed of a new and gorgeous suit of church vestments, which was on its way to him on the road from Monastir.

With all these stories quite fresh in our minds, it is no wonder that it was a great satisfaction to be fairly rid of the company of our Geortcha guard of honour.

Pliassa, where we stopped to rest after a couple of hours' riding, is beautifully situated at the foot of a noble mountain. It is remarkable as having been formerly the chief residence of one of the most powerful of the old feudal families of Albania, the Sinan Beys. They are now in reduced circumstances; but the remains of two immense Seraïs, still to be seen near the village, bear witness to their former wealth and importance. The ruined palace on the right-hand displays a very fine gateway—a ghastly monument, for it was there that the victims of the anger or caprice of these terrible lords of the soil (whose power was all but regal) used to be hung up in rows, to the terror of the trembling villagers. The place where the beam,

serving as gallows, was formerly inserted, is still visible.

It is probable that they also kept a "Tchenguel" (or hooks), whereon persons so unfortunate as to incur the highest displeasure used to be thrown, and remain suspended in agonizing tortures until death soothed their sufferings. The groans of these wretched creatures were as music in the ears of the "fine old Beys, those of the olden time," and they were also a frightful warning to others to beware of the lion's paw.

Now, as we passed, a peaceful group of Wallachian shepherds, in their sheepskin cloaks and caps, were reposing under the shadow of the ruined wall, and the only sound which broke the stillness of the summer air was the tinkling sheep-bell of the flocks browsing the soft herbage of the deserted palace-court.

To the left-hand of the road, the outline of the mountain is magnificent. On the nearer slope is the little hamlet of Svesda, placed on the site of the ancient city Selasphoros; winding past those ruins can be traced another road, leading to Monastir. At the base of the further mountain a

village, embosomed in trees and enlivened with sparkling minarets, was pointed out as Poreni, the birthplace of Moustapha Pasha, of Crete, or Kiritli Moustapha Pasha, as he is called, one of the wealthiest subjects of the Ottoman Empire. He owns great property in all these parts, and has endowed his native village with two mosques. He is the father of Vely Pasha, well known in Europe as having been twice Ambassador to Paris.

We had been obliged to take shelter at Pliassa from a smart shower, in a miserable roadside Khan, which contained, at the same time, the village butcher's shop. The people having occasion to kill a sheep, were proceeding, without the least ceremony, to operate on the poor animal before us, and were with difficulty induced to remove a few yards off; even then they regaled us with the spectacle of cutting up the carcase, hung on a branch of the tree in front of the door.

We slept that night at Bichlista. The Mudir of the place had come forward to welcome Mr. C——; we did not, however, go to his house, which he declared to be quite dilapidated and

unfit to receive us, but to the principal dwelling in the little village beyond.

Bichlista, by some reckoned the frontier village of Albania, is inhabited chiefly by Bulgarians. The people who gave up their rooms for our accommodation, huddling all into one little cell, were said to be wealthy, though obliged to conceal the fact as much as possible from their Mussulman neighbours; certainly, no one would have imagined the owners of such a house to be possessed of the means of living in a better. As usual, all the rooms, with mud floor and corresponding walls, opened like cells on to a broad corridor running the whole length, from which they were only lighted by heavily barred, prison-like windows. The gallery, again, had no light or air but from a few very small unglazed openings, a foot square, thickly barred also,—as they said, to prevent people firing in from the road.

I went to look at the family party assembled in the last den of the row, but could scarcely distinguish anything at first from the heavy vapours of wood-smoke. They were busy making us a "beurek," in the embers, not lighted with a candle or

an oil-lamp, but by splinters of resinous pine-wood set in an iron frame-work, something like an antique tripod.

The room was crowded with women, a few neighbours having dropped in to talk us over. The two unmarried daughters of our host were rather good-looking; they were kept in the strictest seclusion, not even venturing to put a foot outside the door of their stifling cell during our stay in the house. Two others, married, and consequently rather freer, stood for me in their uncouth Bulgarian dress, while I made a rapid sketch.

The Mudir sent the supper, twelve or fifteen dishes, borne triumphantly by almost as many kilted attendants; they solemnly handed in succession soup, fish, flesh, fowl, and a great variety of stewed vegetables, including leeks, all served indiscriminately with "ekmek-cadaïf" (pancakes with clotted cream inside), "baklava" (pastry floating in syrup), "mohalibé" (milk and rice-flour), "ou-halva" (a paste of flour, sugar, and butter), "yaourt," and other sweet things; winding up, according to invariable custom in Turkish din-

ners, with "pilaf" and a thin fruit syrup. The viands are placed, one at a time, in a round dish on the centre of the table; and when eaten in genuine Eastern style, the guests help themselves with two fingers and the thumb of the right hand, assisted by a piece of tough leathery bread; the left hand is never used. Well-mannered persons keep to their own peculiar part, and refrain from excursions among their neighbours' choice morsels; but it is considered quite polite for your entertainer, with gushing hospitality, or perhaps the black fingers of an attentive slave, to tear asunder the fibres of mutton or fowl for the unpractised stranger, who is probably unable to master anything beyond gravy and bones.

The next morning Mr. C—— was requested to receive the visit of a very dirty old man, who turned out to be the father of the Governor, and himself a former ruler of the place.

Our road, on leaving Bichlista, was through a burning wilderness of rock and sandy hillocks, up and down, up and down, over many a dreary mile of glaring dust, alive with crawling tortoises, until we gained the Durbend at the summit of the pass,

where we rest for a while, under the welcome shade of the mud wall of the guard-house. After this, we descend by frightful jagged rocks a winding staircase road, until greener glades begin to appear, distant trees, and grass, and cultivation; then again steep plunges between granite walls, a sharp turn, and a shout of delight from the leaders of the van, when, as by the stroke of a magic wand, there burst upon us a new line of mountain peaks rising tier above tier to the clouds in grand succession, enclosing a noble lake, and, towering from its placid bosom, the heaving rocks of the promontory which bore the old Celetrum; across the isthmus, fringing the shore, and clambering up the slope, the modern peninsular city of Castoria.*

* The identity of Castoria with the ancient Celetrum would seem not to admit of doubt. "Celetrum was invested by the Consul Sulpicius, B.C. 200, on his return from Pelagonia into Dassaretia; it is described by Livy as a town situated on a peninsula, which is surrounded by the waters of a lake, and has only a single entrance, over a narrow isthmus, which connects it with the continent." (Leake's 'Northern Greece.')

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GREEK MERCHANT OF CASTORIA.—THE FAMILY PARTY.—A "FIANCÉE."—THE METROPOLITAN CHURCH.—THE LAKE OF CASTORIA.—DERIVATION OF THE NAME.—GWALIANOS.—THE LAKE'S SICKNESS.—THE GOLDEN FLEECES.—WATER-NUTS.—A KIND FAREWELL.—PERILS OF MOUNTAIN TRAVEL.—A HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE.—REACH VISHANI.—SOPHIA.—INDUSTRIOUS "BULGARIKAS."—FILURINA.—THE KHANDJIE AND HIS CUSTOMER, AN "OFT-TOLD TALE."—A WORD FOR TURKISH HOMES.—RETURN.

CASTORIA! the name is bright with sunny memories; it recalls the princely mansion of Anastasio Kyrou, the wealthy Greek merchant. I see again the fresh airy chamber, with its broad divan covered in spotless white, the ceiling supported on slender columns, and arabesque decorations, and the cluster of lilies in the niche below perfuming the soft breeze which stirs the snowy draperies of the long windows overlooking the lake. Then, the vast

hall, and the well-ordered train of domestics in attendance on the family gathered to the evening meal, where the father, with dignified and courteous hospitality, offered the rich wines of his own vintage, or the delicate "gwalianos" from the lake, quite ignoring in practice an ancient privilege, which, we read, "exempts the Greeks of Castoria from the burden of lodging travellers."

The worthy Anastasio was a "pelissier"—a trader in the fur pelisses which are the chief source of the wealth of Castoria, as of other towns of this province. His wife, Kyria Agnoula, a kindly, soft-looking middle-aged lady, was generally to be seen with a huge bunch of keys at her girdle, gliding from room to room, thoughtful for the comfort of all, and maintaining the most perfect order in her domestic arrangements with noiseless yet firm authority. There were young daughters, Heléné and Anastasia, both married; another, Aspasia, betrothed to a Professor of the Greek College, and a younger girl still, who never made her appearance. The ladies wore the Greek costume, a silk skirt and open body, very high waist, and enormous clasps to the belt in wrought silver; over

this, a short cloth spencer, sometimes embroidered in gold, and on the head a red fez, with a very long tassel of blue silk falling over one shoulder: a thick tress of hair is brought across the front of this cap. I sketched them all: Heléné was very pretty and soft-looking, and the young betrothed had beautiful almond-shaped dark eyes; she seemed sprightly and clever, and likely to make an admirable housewife for the Professor, although it was impossible to discover whether her heart was much interested in her marriage, which was to take place immediately, as she always remained in retirement when her intended was one of the company. At other times she did not take her seat at table with the rest of the family, but continued standing, directing the servants, and even waiting on us herself.

In the provinces, and amongst old-fashioned Greek families, girls are kept in very rigid seclusion. They are taken from school at the age of twelve or fourteen, in order to be instructed in the mysteries of housekeeping, and prepared for undertaking an establishment of their own. They are scarcely ever seen abroad; and notwithstanding

that the gallery devoted exclusively to the women in the Greek churches is screened from view by a close grating, they are not taken there more than once or twice a year, the services being either in the night-time or in the early dawn. During the period of their betrothal, they are not even allowed to breathe the air in the garden of their home; it is a complete imprisonment, from which they naturally look forward to an early marriage as the only hope of emancipation. I caught a glimpse one day of the youngest daughter of Anastasio Kyrou as she was pursuing her course of domestic studies in the kitchen, otherwise we should scarcely have been aware of her existence.

On the morning after reaching Castoria, we were condemned to interminable visits from the relatives and friends of the family; hour after hour passed on in struggling attempts at vapid conversation; I was growing quite desperate, when at length it was proposed to make a *sortie* to explore the curiosities of the town, an expedition in which we gladly embarked, followed by all the family, and a fair proportion of the visitors in addition. The heat was excessive, and it was astonishing to see the

ladies, already wearing thick cloth spencers, put on besides their heavy cloth pelisses. Anastasia, who had not been long married, and who evidently liked a little finery, had her pelisse braided with gold.

We went first to the metropolitan church, a modern building, for which the materials of the ancient church have been used. It contains a fine altar-screen of Venetian work, with some good figures of saints. After paying a short visit to the Archbishop, whose palace communicated with the church, and calling on two families in the town, we passed through a garden to the shore of the lake. A large boat was in waiting, capable of containing the whole party, and we embarked as the setting sun was lighting up the opposite mountains and gilding the smooth water on which we glided past the terraced dwellings of Castoria, under the shadow of the stony peninsula.

The Lake of Castoria is six miles long, and four broad; half its length being taken up by a rocky hill forming a promontory nearly four miles in circumference, and connected with the mainland by a very narrow isthmus; scarcely a shrub is to be

seen on this mass of rough stones, which lie heaped together in barren confusion. The town is spread along the lower slope, and across the isthmus, at which part there still exist the remains of a wall flanked with round towers, which, in Byzantine times, crossed the peninsula, and still divides the Greek and Turkish quarters. Anna Comnena tells us that its towers and bastions gave it the air of an encampment, and that it was *thence* called Castoria.

The good Anastasio and one of his sons in-law were expert fishermen; they had brought with them a seine, a net which is gathered up over the left arm, and then by a dexterous movement cast, so as to spread in a circle as it touches the water. They were not successful on this occasion, although we lingered by many a treacherous pool sleeping in the deep shadow of the overhanging rock.

The fish of Lake Castoria are remarkable; one kind is peculiar to it, and to the Vistritza, or Indji Kara Sou river (the ancient Haliacmon), a branch of which flows out of it at the southern extremity. This fish, which is called "Gwalianos," grows to an enormous size, being taken sometimes of one hun-

dred okes, or two hundred and fifty pounds, in weight; it has no scales, but is furnished with teeth, like the dog-fish, and with fleshy antennæ.

Many strange things are reported of this Lake of Castoria. We were told that it is subject to a periodical sickness; that every three or five years an unearthly subaqueous moaning is heard near the point where the branch of the Haliacmon issues, after which the waters become in different parts discoloured, and the fish unwholesome. Colonel Leake mentions having seen the lake entirely covered with a green pellicle. It must have been on one of these mysterious occasions, as at the time of our visit it was clear and bright as crystal.

The cook of the hospitable Anastasius informed us also of another quality attributed to this wonderful piece of water; he declared that it yielded florins; and turning to Pouqueville's account of his travels, we find that he gives this metallic character to the Haliacmon. He relates that he fell in with some gipsies on the banks of a river in Southern Macedonia, who were engaged in clearing particles of the precious metal from fleeces that they had bathed in the stream. He learnt that their custom

was to arrest the gold dust, by laying these fleeces on the shallow bed; and he was the more pleased with his discovery by remembering that an historian who wrote in the first and second century of the Christian era, in his work on the Mithridatic War, speaks of the same method as employed by gold-seekers in the regions that border on the Black Sea, and pronounces the custom to have given rise to the famous fable of the Golden Fleece.

There is a water-plant also found in this lake, which I do not remember to have seen elsewhere; it produces a kind of nut, contained in a hard black shell set round with spikes; the people eat the kernel, and pronounce it to be very good.

On our return from this pleasant evening excursion, we visited the immense wine-vaults on the ground-floor of the mansion of Anastasio Kyrou. Our host showed us a vat, in which he made as much as twelve tuns of wine at a time. It was all for family consumption, and resembled fine champagne in quality. The wines of Codjáni and Naousta, far from here, are held in great estimation throughout the country.

We left Castoria with much regret, the whole family accompanying us to the further end of the lake, with genuine friendliness, to speed us on our way. We halted before bidding them farewell, and in a few minutes they had collected some dry sticks on the little beach, a fire was lighted, and, as by magic, a fragrant cup of coffee was presented to each of us—a graceful farewell attention. We often think of that little scene by the lake shore, the last kind words at parting, the friendly wishes for our future journey, and the sincere interest which this hospitable Greek family had created in our minds. Before many months had passed away, we learned that sorrow had entered that patriarchal household: the gentle Agnoula was a widow; the good Anastasius had lived to see his daughter united to the Professor, but was shortly afterwards seized with illness, and died after a few days' suffering.

We turned from the lake and the peninsular city, and once more entered upon a rocky mountain path, steep, jagged, slippery, and very dangerous, as the track may have been five or six feet wide, with no protection of any sort on the outer

edge, and the perpendicular sides of the precipice were covered, not with grass or shrubs, but with angular masses of granite, amongst which a small river at the bottom leaped and foamed as it rushed downwards on its course. A fall into that dark chasm would have been fatal, and I shudder as I recall the hair-breadth escape of two members of our little caravan.

Mr. C——'s horse, a very spirited animal, had been rather troublesome throughout the journey, and now, disliking the flat travel-worn blocks, which offered no hold to his feet, began to fret and protest on the very brink of the precipice, and slipping on a large slab of smooth marble, fell on his knees, his hind legs hanging for one fearful moment above the yawning abyss; instantly his rider, with great presence of mind, threw himself over the animal's shoulder, and we were thus, by a merciful Providence, spared an awful termination to our happy summer ramble.

Shortly before this, a nearly similar accident had happened to the lady's-maid. The horse on which she was mounted obstinately refused to move onwards, and the poor girl, in her alarm, pulled the

bridle so violently that he backed and fell on the verge of the chasm, happily however throwing her among the rocks of the roadway. She was not seriously hurt, but the danger determined me to follow the safer plan in such circumstances, and to prefer the fatigue of the ascent on two feet, to the risk of four-footed assistance.

Very weary, and quite late at night, we reached the Bulgarian hamlet of Vishani, and alighted at the principal dwelling. The people came out to receive us with splinters of lighted pine-wood, and, notwithstanding my fatigue, I was exceedingly impressed with the striking effect produced by this flaring light thrown on the figure of a young girl of the house—Sophia. She was standing by the railing of the broad balcony, holding forwards into the night her resinous torch. The light gleamed strongly upon her dark regular features, straggling black locks, and the white embroidered sleeve which fell back from her raised arm. It would have been a splendid subject for the pencil of Décamps. She continued for some time to illuminate the scene, renewing the pieces of wood as they burned down to her fingers.

This practice of using resinous wood by way of candle is common throughout the country; the aromatic, pungent odour, although stifling in a closed room, is very pleasant in the open air.

The next morning we looked from the balcony upon a green mountain side, cultivated to the summit; the fields, enclosed by well-kept hedges, reminding one strongly of the scenery of Devonshire on a grander scale. This is chiefly the result of female labour, as for the greater part of the year the men are away, going as far as Constantinople to earn a scanty living as wood-cutters, carpenters, vendors of yaourt, fruit, vegetables, etc. The husband of a soft-looking young "Bulgarika," a daughter of the house, was then at Broussa, in Asia Minor, hewing wood. In some of these villages, the men spend but six weeks of the year in their homes, all leaving and returning together at a fixed date; some are employed in Thessaly as shepherds, while others are "Kiridjiés,"—men in charge of baggage-horses. We invariably found this Bulgarian peasantry a kindly, warm-hearted, and industrious race.

I took a sketch of the dark-eyed Sophía; she

was not a little elated with the notice taken of her, and proceeded to exhibit various specimens of her talents. Everything she wore was the work of her nimble fingers. She had spun the thread of her linen garments, and woven it in a rustic loom, ornamenting it afterwards with the universal red and black embroidery; her apron also, made of thick-looking material, like carpet (the woollen texture of which she had washed, carded, dyed, spun, woven, and finally embroidered), was another proof of her diligence and skill.

Vishani stood high up amongst the mountains of the Pindus range; but we had a further ascent yet to accomplish before we should finally descend into the great plain of Monastir.

We started early, and for a short time found the way the most difficult we had yet encountered. It was nothing more than a narrow horse-track, cut in a zigzag up the almost perpendicular face of a sandstone cliff, the loose stones and soil slipping beneath the horses' feet; it possessed the additional advantage of sloping gently outwards. It did not continue long thus; we entered a splendid forest, winding up and up, with bright distant

visions opening out to the right and left, until we halted to rest for an hour or two on a grassy carpet, near a gurgling fountain.

The descent was frightfully bad; it might be compared to the effect of going down a cascade of granite rocks, varied here and there with rippling streams. Long poles had been cut in preparation of this day's expedition, which assisted us considerably, as the whole party, with the exception of Mrs. C—— (whose horse was equal to any emergency of mountain travel), went down the steep declivity on foot, collecting meanwhile specimens of the floral treasures spread around,—amongst others, a beautiful pale lilac blossom, which grew in abundance, and was new to us.

We slept that night in the house of the Greek Bishop of Filurina, or Florina, a beautifully situated town on the verge of the plain. The good Bishop, as usual, gave up his best rooms to his guests, stowing himself out of the way somewhere on the premises. He was overflowing with the most hospitable intentions, which he had a wonderfully stormy manner of expressing: several times we started, as his ringing voice resounded

through the rooms in what seemed a violent burst of anger; but we knew after awhile that he was only mildly recommending attention to our comfort and wishes.

This Florina is said to be so healthy a place, that a resident doctor would find no practice here; consequently, when any one does happen to be ill, they must seek medical aid as far off as Monastir, at five or six hours' distance. It is not quite so happy in its moral atmosphere.

It was (I think) a day or two after our visit that a Mussulman went to the shop of a Khandjie, a Christian, and asked for raki; the Khandjie, perceiving that his customer had already taken more than was good for him, refused to comply with his demand, whereupon the Turk deliberately drew his pistol and shot the Khandjie dead on the spot.

The deed was done in open day, in a frequented street, and before numerous spectators, both Turks and Christians. The Khandjie's son was in the back part of the shop, and saw his father killed; he dashed forward, seized a billet of wood, and instantly felled the murderer, whom they were

obliged to take to the hospital before he was committed to prison. He was afterwards tried; but as the evidence of Christians against him was not exactly palatable, although by law admissible, and the Turks who had witnessed the deed would give no testimony but such as was in favour of the accused, the Khandjie's blood still cries aloud for punishment on his guilty murderer.

Such acts of lawless and unpunished outrage are of common occurrence. It is impossible to travel at all in the provinces without hearing of them continually, and justice compels the mention of them; but justice also induces me to add, that in the interior of Turkish homes I have found much, very much more good, and far less harm, than one is taught to expect. In several families I have been welcomed with hospitality, and have received many a gentle kindness and delicate attention; and I can affirm (as the result of considerable experience) that I have never met with anything in the manners and customs of the Ha'arem, which need shock the most timorous susceptibility. I have remained for weeks in a household where one hundred women, the attend-

ants of a Sultana, lived together in apparent harmony; and, during that time, I scarcely heard the sound of strife or anger, which is probably more than could be said for women similarly circumstanced amongst us. I know families, especially in the middle class, whose daily lives appear simple and irreproachable; and in the home of one high dignitary with which I am acquainted, the domestic relations of husband and wife, parents and children, are such as would be admirable anywhere.

There is great kindness and gentleness of feeling for little children amongst the Turks, and their respect for the aged parent is beyond all praise. I have seen more than one great Pasha suddenly rise, as a withered old woman entered the room, and remain standing until the "Validé" (the mother) had taken the seat of honour.

It is difficult for strangers to form a true idea of life in the Ha'arems; the Turks rarely speak of their families, and do not of course admit their gentlemen-visitors beyond the limits of the Salamlik; while (with the exception of the talented lady who has given us the charming result of her im-

pressions and experiences "In and around Stamboul") few, even of the European residents at Constantinople, have much facility for making themselves acquainted with the domestic habits of their Moslem neighbours, and of rectifying any preconceived errors on the subject which they may have brought with them. There are good and bad everywhere, and you may chance to come in contact with a household which is *not respectable*, in Stamboul, as in London or Paris, or where not? but such exceptions ought not to form an invariable rule.

An enterprising lady-traveller will now and then undertake to investigate the subject, and asking for introductions, is usually presented in one or two "show families," where the ambition for conciliating European customs and fashions with the laws of the Koran, has succeeded in destroying what the French aptly term the *couleur locale* in dress and manner, without achieving any very great result in the way of progress.

Turkish ladies wishing to adopt "Frank" manners to please their husbands, who have perhaps spent years in the Embassies of London, Paris, and

Vienna, labour under great disadvantages, and are led to form quite as false notions of the state of society with us, as we do of their own. The Christian women with whom they come mostly in contact are a certain class of Greek and Armenian female pedlars, who go from house to house, selling painted handkerchiefs, trimmings, embroideries, and European goods at enormous prices; they are not a respectable class of women, and the ideas which they bring with them are not likely to raise the moral standard of their listeners. Then two or three of the most enlightened having learned to read a little French, trashy French novels are putinto their hands, furnishing them with edifying notions of "Frank" life for their imitation; is it therefore to be wondered at, that the virtuous Turkish matron shrinks from these "Giaour" innovations, and prefers the rules and restrictions in which she has been brought up? It is not until a higher standard of moral responsibility is introduced, that anything like real progress can be hoped for among the Mussulman population of Turkey.

Florina was the last stage of our pleasant summer ramble; we re-entered Monastir in the soft evening light, and ten days later saw us once more on the blue Ægean, on our return to our home in the City of the Sultan.

THE END.

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